

Elks

MAGAZINE



R M

DECEMBER 1940

**HER GIFT
IS SMALL
But...**



THOUSANDS SHARE IT!

By remembering one . . . she's *helping* thousands! Because her gift is decorated with a *Christmas Seal*! Your purchases of Christmas Seals will enable your Local Tuberculosis Association to continue its year-round campaign. Since 1907, this campaign has helped to reduce the death rate from Tuberculosis by 75%! But the fight is not yet won. Tuberculosis still takes an annual toll of 64,000 lives!

So from now 'til Christmas, mail no letter—send no package—unless it is decorated with the Christmas symbol that saves lives.



**BUY
CHRISTMAS
SEALS**

The National, State and Local
Tuberculosis Associations
in the United States

A MESSAGE *from the GRAND* **EXALTED RULER**

BROTHERS:

In this busy world of ours men are oftentimes forgetful of all else but themselves. Yet no matter how successful, no matter how humble, in spite of trials and tribulations, at least once a year everyone pauses, and peace and love of fellow man enter their hearts. Attention is given to that great cardinal principle of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks—Charity.

December brings with it that day of days—Christmas. It is joyously celebrated all over the world although this year it will bring, instead of joy, tragic memories to thousands in war-stricken Europe. For many years the Elks have made it a practice on this day to gladden the hearts of lonely and needy little ones through gifts and Christmas parties and have made sure that no one goes hungry, through the giving of Christmas baskets. Last year the Elks spent three hundred and eighty-four thousand, four hundred and twenty six dollars on this charity alone, and I wish to congratulate everyone who assisted in this worthy work.

We are on the threshold of another Christmas. Over many cities across the waters the skies are filled with deadly bombers while helpless men, women and children tremble with fear in underground shelters, not knowing whether the next minute will bring death and destruction. Here in America we are still enjoying that peace of which the angels sang on that first Christmas night, and we can go about our daily tasks without fear in our hearts. We know not what the year ahead may bring for us in America as war clouds gather on the far horizon, but we, as Elks, pray that peace may come to the war-torn world and that the message of that first

Christmas, "Peace on earth, good will to men", be instilled in the hearts of mankind.

Therefore, I am urging that each and every lodge make a special effort to make the Christmas of 1940 an occasion long to be remembered. In my travels about the country I have been greatly impressed by the manner in which the various lodges have become important adjuncts of community life. And there is no better way of making friends than by being charitable to one's fellow men. For, as the poet Milton said:

"Who gives to whom hath naught been given
His gift in need, though small indeed,
As is the grass blade's wide-blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven."

May the Christmas spirit fill our hearts with joy that shall outlast the festive season and linger in loving thoughts and unselfish service throughout the year, bringing comfort, peace and all good things into our daily lives; and may the New Year bring health and prosperity to each and every member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, is the wish of


Jos. Buech
GRAND EXALTED RULER





THE *Elks* MAGAZINE

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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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DECEMBER 1940

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1940-1941

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to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Joseph B. Kyle, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 1545 West Fifth Avenue, Gary, Ind.

THROUGH the steamed windows she noticed the rain running like a tiny waterfall off the peak of the cab-driver's cap as the man twisted around to open the door, and how the beating raindrops close to the lights looked like thick white ropes, and those farther away like thin, grey wires. Silly things to notice at such a time . . . Her fare ready, she handed it over and got out quickly, lowering her head against the storm.

"Thanks, lady—much obliged. Awful night, ain't it?"

The taxi rattled away through the rain as Muriel Branch hurried up the path to the front door. There was a light, she noticed, in the living room, and another one beyond in the little room they called the Cubby Hole. Steven was home, and that would mean no waiting. Well, all the better. Get it over with.

She let herself in. A waste of time to ring. This was Tuesday, Evans and Mrs. Evans' weekly night at the movies. Ring? What on earth had made her think of that? This was her home. But the thought showed how far things had gone.

The rain dripping from her garments, she closed the front door and stepped across the foyer to the living room. The door was open. She went in. The room was unoccupied, for which she was thankful. Breathing space . . . A minute to think.

She sat down in a leather-covered chair near the desk.

As many another before her, and in the same words, she was later to reflect that it's funny how things turn out. If the upper right-hand drawer of the desk had been closed it would have been a different story that she lived to tell. The drawer was open a couple of inches, and inside it something shone.

From sheer surprise and for no other reason she took it out. An automatic. Steven's? What was Steven doing with a gun? This was something new. Then she stopped wondering and put it back—quickly.

A door had squeaked. The door of the Cubby Hole. She looked up, and there was Steven, staring at her.

"Muriel!" His voice was harsh. "Hello, Steven."

Steven Branch frowned, an unfriendly frown. It was the sort of welcome she had half expected.

"I thought you were in Florida," he said.

"I've come back."

"Why?"

"Gloria." His eyes narrowed, but did not move from hers.

"Go on," he said through tight lips.

"It seems I was the last to know," she said bitterly. "All the time you have been making a fool of me I've been making a fool of myself." She added, contemptuously, "And Gloria, of all people!"

She saw him wince and, misjudging his feelings as usual, regretted her asperity. No, that wasn't the way. She must swallow her pride. Appeal to him.

Almost humble, she said, "I—I want you to give her up, Steven."



**This is the story of a
murder and the gentle
lady who committed it
—her provocation and
her judgment.**

Stonily he stood, not answering. "Did you hear me, Steven?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"I can't give her up."

"You mean you won't?"

"If you like."

Now, that should have been enough. For if not the words, then surely the tone of finality in which they were spoken should have left no doubt in her mind as to the futility of prolonging a scene which, at best, could only lead to further humiliation and heartache. But just then, like every woman, she was thinking with her heart—a heart which, in spite of everything, still wanted to keep her marriage, her life, intact, and could not accept the bitter truth he had so brutally flung at it.

He can't leave me, she thought. I can't give him up. I can't! Steven was looking at her—a cold, resentful

stare. She noticed the look and steeled herself against it. She said, "Steven, you can't mean that. You can't be that much in love with Gloria—or she with you. I know she doesn't love you. Surely you can't have forgotten all the things she's said about us—how she's hated us both ever since we were married—you for jilting her, as she says, and me because you married me. Can't you see she's only trying to get even—just as she always said she would if she ever had the chance?" Her voice became humble. "I know we haven't been getting along as well as—we'd have liked to... But surely that's no reason for you to—to walk away after four years of marriage... and for Gloria, of all people." She looked hopefully up into his face. "Steven, you can't do it. You can't. I won't let you."

Steven's look did not change. Nor

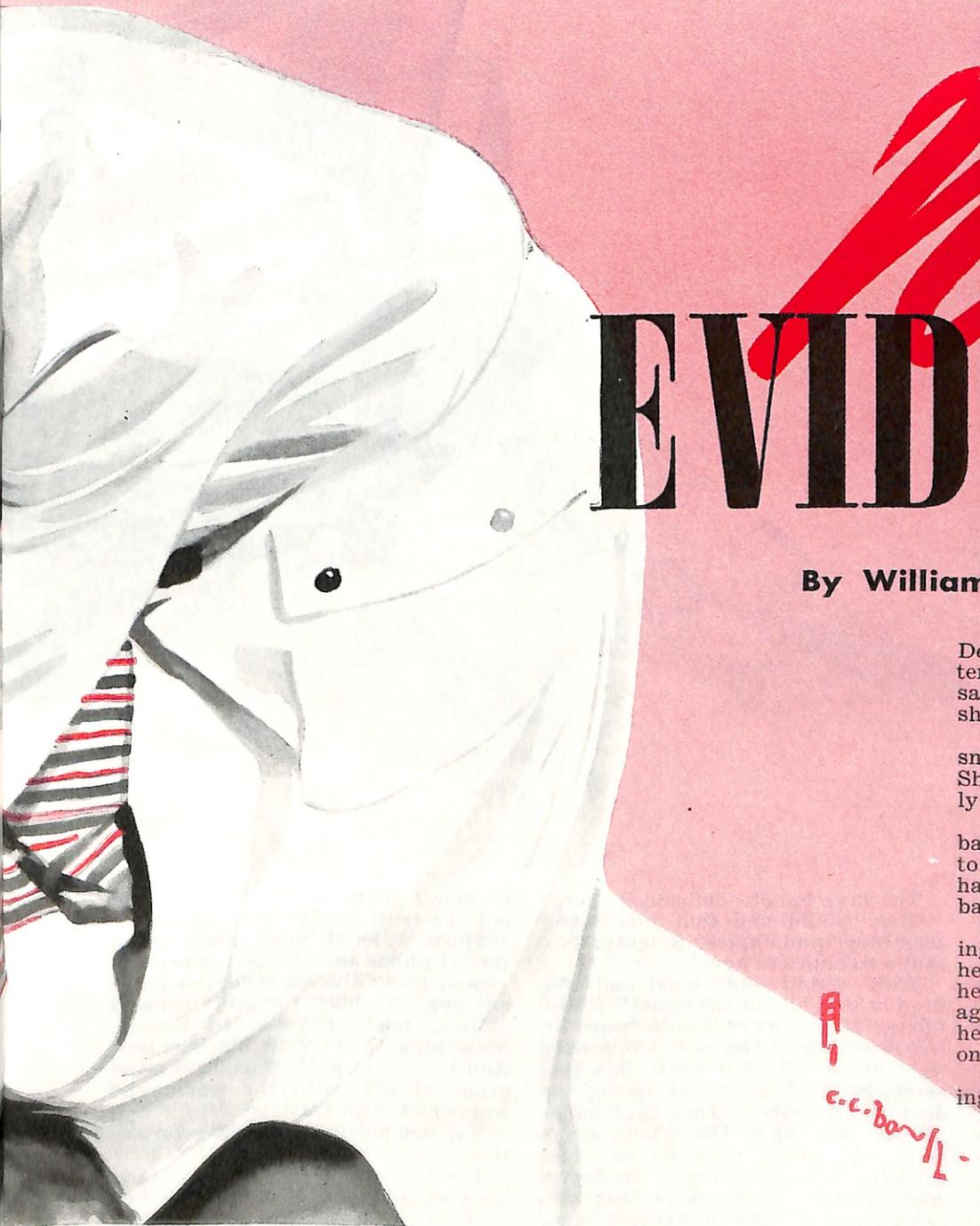
did his tone, as he said, "It's no good, Muriel. We just can't go on this way. You must understand."

After a moment she said, "I'll never give you a divorce. I'll never let you go—if it means—" She broke off, staring into his face with its twisted sneer.

"I wouldn't be too sure about that," he said slowly. "Not until you know the alternative, anyway." He took a letter out of his pocket and held it under the desk lamp for her to see. "Recognize it?"

Muriel looked at it, frowning. "Of course. It's a letter I got from Dennis just before I went to Florida. What . . . ?" She looked up, puzzled.

"And so full of gallantries and endearments," said Steven, "as to be quite a love letter, am I right? . . . Oh, I know it's perfectly harmless—you needn't look so. . . . But does everybody else know that you and



EVIDENCE

By William de Lisle

Dennis are just like brother and sister, as I think you were about to say? Suppose that my attorney should decide, in open court—"

"Why, you—" Muriel choked and snatched the letter from his hand. She crumpled it up and held it tightly in her fist.

Steven's eyes blazed. "Give it back!" he said. He made no attempt to take it, just stood there with his hand out, waiting for her to hand it back. "Did you hear me?"

She stared at him coldly, unmoving. Steven, livid with rage, slapped her hard across the face. He slapped her again, and she staggered back against the desk, wincing and pale, her eyes wide with fear, fastened on the man's congested face.

He was coming toward her, sneering . . . Muriel's hand went out,

groped, and her fingers closed around the automatic. She held it up and fired—fired again, and then Steven was lying there in front of the desk, and after a few moments she knew that he was dead.

The odd thing was that it had very little to do with her. She had not meant to kill him. She had not meant to do anything. But this had happened. There he was. Dead!

Slowly she sat again on the leather chair. Steven was dead. The gun was in her hand. Steven had been shot. She had shot him!

She decided to go. It seemed the logical thing to do. Why should she suffer any more for Steven than she had already? But, leading from where she sat to the door, and from the door across the foyer to the front door, was that trail of muddy footprints to show she had been here. And the cab-driver....

Go.... Easier said than done. They would find her footprints and question the cab-driver, and the cab-driver would tell how he had brought her from the station to the house. And then she would suffer again—die because of him, as she had lived for him—giving everything to the end.

She flushed with the indignity of the thought. Justice? Justice was cold, impersonal; justice was nobody. She was warm and living and.... cheated. Even a rat fought for life. Reptiles. Everything fought for life. And she was living.

It felt like waking up. She began to do things as after a sleep. The right things, too, they seemed to be—at once, instinctively.

Fingerprints, to start with. Well, she had read all about that in books. She took out her handkerchief and wiped the gun clean. Then she stooped and forced the thing into his grasp, closing his fingers around it. The action made her shudder, but it had to be done.

She rose and turned to the door. Stopped....

The right things they seemed to be, instinctively. But at the very beginning this was not right. "Suicide of Steven Branch." And there were her footprints. And, somewhere, the cab-driver.

Suicide.... And she had been here in the room. There was evidence. Yes, lucky she had thought of that. It meant that she had found the body. And having found the body—what?

She turned back to the desk, sat down and pulled the telephone toward her. How should she put it? "This is Mrs. Steven Branch. Will you come at once, please. Something terrible has happened to my husband. He's committed suicide." Something like that.

She put her hand on the receiver. It shook as she did so, rattling the instrument so much that the bell tinkled—like a warning. She looked up and saw, above the painting over the fireplace, a tiny hole, a pale spot on the dark panel, looking down at her like an accusing eye.

The first bullet—embedded there! They would find that hole. And then they would know. Suicide? No, that was hopeless now.

They would say—why had she fired *behind* him at the panel? Ridiculous. Men always fell forward in the direction of the shot when they were killed. She had read that, too, somewhere. And he was facing the door to the foyer. That first bullet in the wall gave the whole game away. It meant someone else had fired from the direction of the foyer. And the two bullets were from the same gun—the gun in Steven's hand.



It didn't make sense. They'd find out the truth in five minutes.

Muriel's hand drew away from the telephone and dropped to her lap.

Something blue on his desk caught her eye. A check for ten thousand dollars, made payable to Steven. Something to do with his business. And he was in perfect health, in the prime of life, with the woman he wanted—Gloria Stimson.

No, not suicide. They'd soon see that.

The bullet hole over the fireplace. They would find the bullet hole. They were certain to find the bullet hole.



Illustrated by
C. C. BEALL

Damp mud still clung to her shoes,
so she slipped her feet out of
them before she crossed the floor.

all right. There were tiny specks of sawdust on the mantle. She blew them away.

Now what? Standing quite still, she tried to go over everything.

If not suicide, then murder. And the gun was in Steven's hand. She removed it and placed it on the desk. He had been shot . . . and he was facing the door. Shot from the direction of the door. And there were her footprints. They proved she had walked as far as the desk. No farther. But as far as the desk.

Her body shaking, she stood over Steven and noted carefully the details of his crumpled figure. Slowly she turned him around until he faced the open door of the Cubby Hole. She flung out his left hand, bent his right knee under his left leg. Then she rose and looked at him for a full minute. Yes, she could see nothing wrong with that.

The door of the Cubby Hole . . . She crossed the room and looked in, entered the Cubby Hole. With her handkerchief around her fingers she raised the window an inch or two. He could have been shot by somebody looking through the open window.

Yes. The bullet would tear through the open doorway of the living room and strike him down as he stood in front of the desk.

Very well. . . . And the other bullet?

She went back into the living room, opened the door to the foyer, stepped back to the Cubby Hole door and raised her hand. She took the sight along her finger. Yes, the other bullet would have crashed through the third pane of the foyer window, to lose itself somewhere—anywhere—in the garden.

From her bag she took out a nail-file, crossed into the foyer, stabbed at the third pane with the file, watched the jagged pieces of glass fall out. And felt the rain drive in.

Then back to the desk. There was the gun. Wiping it again, she took it into the Cubby Hole and dropped it out of the window. She heard it splash in the muddy garden bed beneath. She went back into the living room.

Everything seemed right now. He had been shot by somebody standing outside the Cubby Hole window. Two bullets had been fired. The first had gone through the foyer window. The second had killed Steven. She had entered, walked to the desk, found Steven, telephoned for the police.

She had come to the desk but no farther. There was evidence. . . .

She moved behind the desk to the leather chair, sat and put on her shoes, looked around. Had she forgotten anything?

Yes! Her first action on finding him would have been to turn him over and see if he were still alive. She sank on one knee and turned him over; then rose and picked up the telephone.

"Police!" she gasped.

Soon a voice spoke back.

"This is Mrs. Steven Branch," she said. "Alpine (Continued on page 36)

Well, then—what? The first thing was to make sure they didn't find the bullet hole. How? Plug it with brown paper, stain the paper with ink? But if their eyes happened to catch it, she was done for. She stared across the room and saw a way. Not, perhaps, the perfect way, but the only way.

She rose to cross the room and stopped again, remembering something just in time. Damp mud still clung to her shoes. Each time she moved she made fresh footprints.

Quickly she slipped her feet out of her shoes, and in her stockings

crossed the floor. She pulled a tall chair around, climbed up and stared at the bullet hole. It was half an inch above the painting and about an inch from the center.

She rested the painting on the mantelpiece and unscrewed the hook. This she inserted in the bullet hole and twisted it home. She gave a pull. It held. On it she hung the painting.

Then she climbed down from the chair, put it back in its place and looked up. No hole was visible in the panel now. The bullet hole carried the hook; the original hole was hidden behind the picture. That seemed

There are so many things to think about when you have a career that you lose sight of the most important one of all

TWAS all over camp that an Easterner had come in with Frank, and a lady Easterner at that. A good-looking one with shiny, dark hair.

"A dude!" they said, incredulous. "At the April-Fool Gold Mine!" But they reserved judgment. Frank had kept camp clean of Easterners up to now, and the men would not wax censorious until they knew the facts.

"Miss Bowen will bunk in the Old Assay Office," Frank said. "Put her bags in there, Vic." He did not explain. He never explained. He was friendly and laughing and amiable on the outside, but under that velvety surface, Vic saw now, lay a heart of granite. "And listen, Vic, you are to see she gets along all right."

"You mean I got to wet-nurse her, boss?"

"Now, Vic, what's a month or two?" Not meeting Vic's eye.

"Now, listen, Mr. Clyde!" But Frank was gone, leaving him alone and unhappy with his troubles.

southwestern night. Bambi, the pet fawn, stepped daintily between mesquite to sniff at her door. But Alexis did not encourage her. So, after a buck or two in the middle of the yard, she pointed long ears at the wind for a minute, then gathered up first her slim front legs and then her hind ones, and lay quietly down upon them.

Alexis regarded the animal with great pleasure. You did not see anything like that on Broadway, New York City. Nor in Linn's Falls, Mass. In Linn's Falls you were working in the mill. And in New York you had not the time to see the beautiful things. Not even after you had struggled and clawed your way from the ugly bottom to the shining top, thrusting aside anyone and everything in the scramble, and were no longer Alexis Bowenska, Polack mill-girl, but Alicia Bowen, musical comedy star. She never had had a pet. Not even a canary, though she loved canaries.



HOME for CHRISTMAS

By Fergus Ferguson

Illustrated by WILLIAM TIMMINS

"It ain't that I'm morbid," Vic explained to the camp later, "though I suppose I've wrangled more dudes than any other living animal. It's just that I put in five years with them down at the Rocker C, and I come up here to recover."

They brooded silently on Easterners for a week. They thought them the most unnecessary people ever heard of. "What's she doin' at a mine, anyhow," Ivan wanted to know, "with all Arizona lousy with dude ranches. And before Christmas? Dudes don't sprout before Christmas."

"Ask her," said Vic.

"She don't talk to me."

"She don't talk to anyone," said Vic.

And Alicia Bowen, born Alexis Bowenska, a Polack from Linn's Falls, Massachusetts, went right on not talking. She drank orange juice, looking out at the vast and starry

There had been that puppy in the pet shop window on Madison Avenue. That was after she had met Gilbert Leyden and they had fallen so much in love. "Isn't he darling?" she had cried. "Gil, I'd love to have him!"

He had looked at her strangely. He was so quiet and big, so much a man's man; and sometimes she thought she knew him well, and at other times, not at all. "What would you do with him?"

"Do?" Occasionally, with Gil, she felt that she had held an eagle in her hands and it had flown, wild and free, to another air. She was baffled and must have shown it, for he looked as if he were sorry for her.

"A pup would be a great trouble to you," he said. "They require attention, like babies."

"But I like babies."

"You mean you want them, want a husband?"

"But of course! After I have a



Metropolitan contract. And I'm going to have one sometime."

His mouth hardened a little; and he looked at her strong jaw which nothing could deter. "Of course, you are," he said. He continued to contemplate her and she wanted to beat upon his silence as a woman beats upon a closed door. She was frightened by the sudden way in which the general blur of tender merriment, that was almost always Gil when he was with her, would leave like this. It was unlike him to be unreasonable. He was a musicians' agent, her



professional manager. He knew how important was her career, to him as to her. They had a business partnership and they had love, what more could he ask?

"You know I want a home and babies," she cajoled him, trying to call him back from wherever he had withdrawn. It seemed the right thing to want—most persons did, when they got around to it.

He laughed, a delighted shout. He had the grace of humor. And the searches she made for him frequently, when they were side by side,

touched and amused him. His mind was a man's mind, logical, straight-thinking. He liked sports, games, business; these things went hand in hand with his boundless interest in the arts, his sensitivity to music. He found women so devious, seldom looking themselves in the face. And Alexis was such a little fake at this moment!

"Sorry to break in on your lines, Madame Bowenska," he said. This was when the Metropolitan Opera loomed already as a probability, not merely a far dream. "But this isn't

"Isn't he darling," Alicia cried. "Gil, I'd love to have him!"

a press interview. You can be yourself. You don't want a husband. You don't want children. What you want is a career. And you have it. So now you're hungry. Let's eat!"

She still eyed the pup, standing frowning before it. And he said nothing as she turned away. But at the table she was argumentative. "I'm being jilted," she said, half



laughing, half angry, "and I'm furious. I want to know why. It's crazy." She thought about that. "I hate you!"

"You are a spoiled brat," he said equably. "When do we eat?"

Her eyes darkened; they hated him very much. "Gil," she said, "tell me. Would I make such a terrible wife?"

"I think you are grand," he said. And he did. She had fought to the last ditch, educated herself, found that thing called culture, made herself a name in music. And she was going far. But, contrary to the books, this had not made her soft—but hard, obdurate, taught her only a harsh endurance.

She looked at him. "Tell me."

He sighed. He could be blunt when pushed to the wall. He hesitated; she wasn't going to like this and he didn't know that he could blame her. "The thing is," he said, "you are a self-centered, selfish little monster. And I adore you."

She was indignant, outraged and aggrieved. Had she ever been selfish with him? *Ever?* He tried with little success to explain. It was hard to make clear what a man wanted in a wife. His jaw locked. He had had one marriage with a stony-hearted woman and it had almost wrecked him. Never again. Not another union in which only one partner was aware that marriage is an affair of give-and-take; and, on both sides, mainly give. It was not that he wanted his wife to be a slave, a doormat, heaven knew. But all those big and little self-denials, the inclination to "do" for others which go to make up a daily life! What he wanted tentatively to offer was, that we love those to whom we've given, not those from whom we take what we need. But he refrained. Those things were real to feel but hard to say. Alexis was liberal with money, prodigal in caresses, generous save in one thing—it was out of her nature, seemingly, to give herself.

He hadn't bought her the puppy, though it was her birthday. Instead, there was the chinchilla bonnet, and the apartment full of roses when they got back. Standing in her music-room, with his lips against hers and all her sensations crushed into helpless surrender, she had felt about him as once she had not dreamed it possible to feel about anyone. She loved his face, his hands, his walk. A sudden glimpse of him would make her forget for the instant whatever she was doing. His voice on the telephone rang bells in her heart. Loving him, her voice glowed into new beauty. It was because of him she had begun to sing like that. She could not understand it, but she knew only that no other man could have kindled such a flame.

"I'd walk anywhere, at any time, on all fours, just to hear you speak."

"I love moderation. Tell me some more."

Vividly now, sitting at her window at the April-Fool Gold Mine, physically distant from him, she realized

their spiritual separation. She and he were strangers as, beneath the gorgeous disguise of sex, men and women so often are. Somewhere along the way she had lost him. He had tried chivalrously to cover it up, but all the careful words in the world could not hide it. But what could she do, began her mind, hard and bright in the moonlight? Nothing. And she must not work herself into a fret. She was here to rest upon her oars, to give her fatigued vocal cords the holiday they so imperatively demanded before her Metropolitan debut in February. For she had conquered the opera—the glorious, signed contract was in her trunk; she was to open in Carmen, the role which fitted her personality like a glove. A lull in the use of her voice was all she required. She had come to the mine with the single intention of lying comatose in the sun, somewhere where people and their troubles were not; and here she was, looking inside herself, growing dissatisfied and analytical—it must stop. That was the worst of vacations, especially in a place like this. She was a city product and she had no desert self to slip into. Her throat specialist would be provoked if he knew how she was acting—she was the one singer among his long list, he had said, whom he would trust to be completely sensible in such an exigency.

"You must take things easy," he had commanded. "A dead stop is all your throat needs. I predict your voice will be better than ever after a lay-off."

"How long?" she had asked quietly.

"Two months will do it." He regarded her curiously. He knew her type—so vital, so disarming and yet so egoistic; so utterly at home in the realm of passion, so naive and inexperienced in the softness, the self-abnegations which stopped in their tracks so many women on the road to careers. Nothing could deflect this one, he reflected. She was inhabited by that bland demon—unflagging ambition.

"Go where it is warm and quiet," he ordered, "away from the horrors the world is going through. They've got you down, as they have most of us. You have your own troubles, so try to forget the state of the nation; let those whose business it is take care of that." It interested him to step outside his customary professional limits for a patient so interesting in herself as this singer, and he arranged for her reception at the mine operated by an old college friend, Frank Clyde.

"When I say you are not to use your throat," he summed up in parting, "I mean precisely that. Naturally, you will do nothing so calamitous as to sing, until I've seen you again. But go further. Don't carry on conversation, don't speak when you can avoid it. Just be beautiful and dumb. Now, goodbye and good luck! I've written Betty—Mrs. Clyde—and she will look out for

you." Her singing days were over if she disobeyed him. But he did not stress the point. She understood, he knew, and wild horses would not make her take any foolish chances.

Gil arranged for her drawing-room in the *Golden State*, he provided more than the normal quota of magazines and flowers, he rode in the train with her as far as Harmon. The separation was hard for them, but they were sensible about it; she was doing something she did not want to do because, for a brief time, it was impossible to do something she did want to do. All she wanted was to stay in the same town with Gil and to sing.

She intended to get everything she wanted before long—so far in her life she had done so. Her name was Alexis and as a child she had loathed it and wanted to be called Alicia. Her last name was Bowenska and she wanted it to be Bowen. Her parents were Polish peasants but she wanted to be an American. To know yourself not a foreigner but an American was a panacea against all ills. So she had become Alicia Bowen, the hit of Broadway. It was after Poland had fallen that she reverted, turned fiercely Pole; for by then she had arrived, was a success, could be anything she chose. And she sang thereafter in concert and on the radio as Bowenska, waving her nationality proudly like a banner. Her father wanted to go back to Poland and help. She wanted to help, too, but mainly she wanted to be somebody and to help herself. And off-stage she remained Miss Bowen.

At Harmon she was a prima donna on her way to Arizona for rest and solitude. Gil was her business manager, returning to town. "Look after our million-dollar larynx," he said, collecting hat, gloves, top-coat. But his eyes met hers and the railroad yard fell away, the whole scene dissolved, and the world was only the drawing-room. "I can't leave you," she whispered. "Don't!" his mind said, but only his mind; for she had to go, this was madness. He was to fly out to spend Christmas with her. "It's only four weeks," he said, but they knew four weeks was a lifetime. And then the engine made starting noises, and he was gone.

Now the weeks had passed and he was arriving tomorrow. She put away her thoughts, returned his letter to its envelope, and walked up to the main house to tell the Clydes. "I am delighted," said Betty. Frank said, "Grand! If I leave at dawn, I can have him back here by afternoon."

So out of the cold sleet and the troubles of the East came Gil, with his joy in a vacation, his look of clear delight in being with her once more. The men had enjoyed the trip in. Frank liked this newcomer who, it appeared, could make any occasion amusing, full of interest and comedy. Laughing and joking, they freed themselves from traveling bags and mystifying packages, from a tree and wreaths and materi-



"I've heard you on the radio," he said to Alexis, "enjoyed it a lot, too."

als for egg-nogs. You did not need street-corner Santas and weary shop-girls to tell you that it was Christmas. The soul of it was here.

Gil pulled chairs up to the fire and Alexis listened to their talk which was chiefly about Arizona and ore. Betty and Frank loved their State for its magnificence and its unparalleled climate and they doted upon it as a lurking place for pay-dirt. Gil, with his interest in all business, informed himself now upon mining. Alexis turned away her thoughts. If she listened she might talk and if she talked she would injure her throat; besides, she had Gil to look at and to ponder over. He looked

supremely lazy, lounging there, and extremely accomplished in personal appearance. He seemed so simple and he was so complex, as were most persons, tiresomely enough. They flew off on tangents, they wouldn't stay in the niches in which one placed them and where they so clearly belonged. She stirred restlessly in her chair.

"Tired, girl?" Gil's attention leaped brightly toward her at once. They all looked at her. She shook her head. There were times when she was beautiful and this was one of the times. She wore a scarlet dress with a flipped-up collar of chinchilla, (Continued on page 40)

The Die Is Caste

by Stanley Frank

SPORTS, especially football, are supposed to be a vibrant manifestation of the democratic ideal in America, and more's the pity. For football, particularly, is spawning a rigid caste system in which social and economic distinctions, already well defined, are going to be more of the same. The lines of discrimination separating the Pure from the Untouchable hardly are significant enough to split the citizenry into class-conscious groups, but they will be the best publicized barriers and you should know something about the trend.

Every literate American is aware that certain centers of culture, liberally festooned with tradition, ivy

and cushy endowments, do not permit its scholars to mingle with the muggs from the football factories. Such blood-lettings would attract a quarter of a million dollars' worth of customers, but the Pure-in-Hearts will have nothing to do with the Untouchables. This sort of thing has been going on quietly for about five years and it will become more apparent in the near future as a definite policy.

You will see a sharp reduction in the number of intersectional games. The double standard governing eligibility of players will force teams to restrict their activities to conference competition, in which the participants can be reasonably certain that

the opposition is not too strong or, again, too weak.

Although the East and Middle West have produced the outstanding teams of this season, their leadership is temporary. The South will be the dominant section of the country in the next few years, simply because the Southern and South-eastern Conferences openly sponsor subsidization of players. The southern brethren make no bones about the fact that they go out and offer athletes the classic b.r.t.—board, room, tuition—as well as a little folding money for incidental expenses. They also want to know what anyone intends to do about it.

Well, sir, nothing has been done yet because football schedules are drawn up three and four years in advance. But southern schools will find it increasingly difficult to book games with the northern and western teams which rate national circulation in the big, bold headlines. As a consequence, the boys in the you-all belt gradually will be forced

(Continued on page 50)

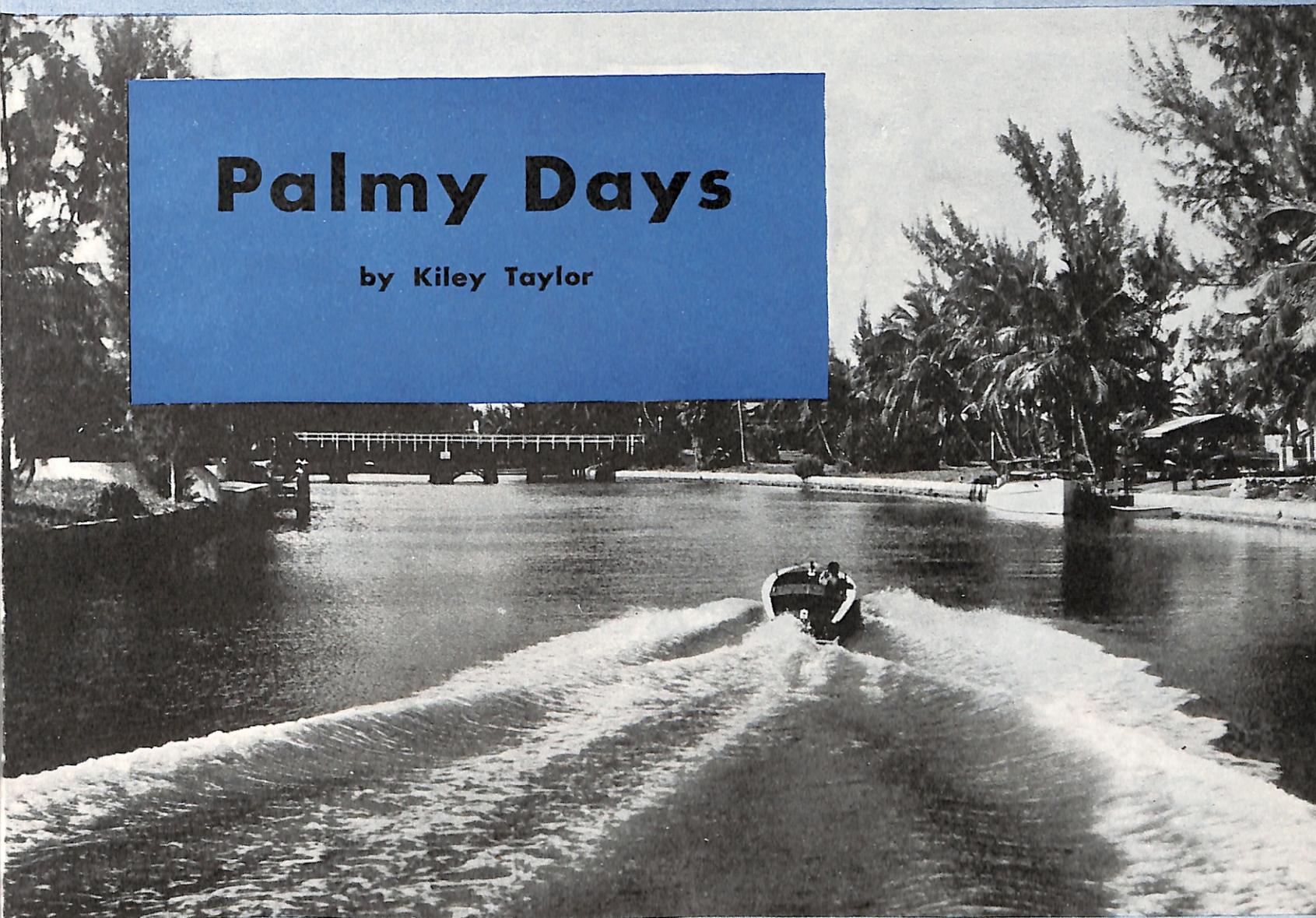


Mr. Frank decides that the latest blast from the stronghold of the Yales is true—but badly timed.

**Sand, Sun, Sea and Stars—and the most romantic
moon in the world—that's Florida for you.**

Palmy Days

by Kiley Taylor



ALONG with the first snow flurry in the North, virtually everyone begins to see mental pictures of himself idling on a sun-drenched beach. If orange blossoms and palm trees are flashed on the screen of the mind, too, a fortune teller would be quick to say that a trip to Florida, with its gentle constant trade winds and the protecting gulf stream, was clearly indicated.

Florida, stretching lazily into the Atlantic, used to seem to Northerners nearly as remote as India's coral strand. It was an enchanted land to which only the blessed and fortunate could hope to go, but year by year it has come closer to every Village Square. Highways which once churned themselves into angry red clay wallows have had their faces lifted. The last word in comfort is provided by the steamship companies, and this year there will be more frequent train and plane service than ever before to Jacksonville and points south. The indispensable motor car can go along on the ship or on the

train, too, at small additional expense.

Without a doubt, more visitors than usual will choose Florida as a playground this winter. There could be no pleasure in crossing the Atlantic these grim days, even if it were possible, and the Riviera, as Americans have known it, is only a memory. Besides the fashionables who follow the sun, there is always, too, a great migration of those who seek a simple refuge from the chill north winds.

Arrived at Jacksonville, "the gateway to Florida", whether to continue along the east coast to such famous spots as Miami or Palm Beach, or to cut across the State to the Gulf of Mexico, is one of those things every traveler must decide for himself. It can only be hoped that the holiday is long enough to permit visits to both coasts, as well as to the interior of the State.

Whatever the decision may be, one city that no one wants to miss is St. Augustine. Lovely as an old lady in

lavender and lace is this old, old city. Settled by the Spaniards, it still, in spite of necessary if not always beautiful modernization, clings to souvenirs of its origin. Here and there, in a narrow, old-world street, may be seen the most fragile of iron balconies, arched porches in tiers, once in a while a crenelated wall. Everyone who loves antiquity will want to see the cottage which is the oldest house in the United States. The ancient fort built by the Spaniards so long ago even today stands foursquare to the sea. The city gate is a picturesque reminder that St. Augustine was once a walled city. Nearby, across Mantanzas Bay, are fine beaches, and there are plenty of fish on which to try the new rod and reel in the waters around the city.

Going south from St. Augustine, travelers may pause for a glimpse of unique Daytona Beach at the city from which it takes its name. For twenty-three miles it presents that broad, smooth white sand surface,

(Continued on page 36)



the

GALLOP! Gallop! Gallop! The Pony Express goes sky-hootin' through our Western Literature. Riders taking less than ten seconds to leap from horse to horse at relay stations. Indian chases! Ambushes! Road agents! Playing cute tricks on wily red-skinned varmints. Two thousand miles of untamed prairie, mountain and desert trail. Blizzards! Floods! Young men on foam-flecked steeds stopping for nothing. The mail going through!

All of those things happened. Nothing ever can rob them of their glamour. But the Pony Express has been too tempting material for the fiction writers and the movie script concocters. It has been stretched to help dramatize too many weak plots.

The Pony Express, in short, has been fictionized into the Phony Express. And, as is so often the case, the truth is far more interesting than the fiction.

There may be trouble in grasping the truth, for it has not had a tiny fraction of the publicity given the fiction. In fact, to understand the real Pony Express it will be necessary to purge your mind of many of the pictures the fictioneers have planted there.

First of all, the Pony Express did not last into the days of Custer's Massacre, Dodge City and the big cattle-drive days. Its whole life span was only nineteen months. It was

all over before the war between the States was a year old. Therefore you may dismiss all tales of the P. E. being contemporary with Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid and their like.

Then wipe from the slate all pictures of the P. E. facing the kind of Sioux that those redmen became when organized by such chiefs as Sitting Bull. It is true that part of the line had to suspend business for four weeks when the Pah-Utes, under old Winnemucca, blacked out two hundred and fifty miles of trail. But that shut-down was largely due to the fact that the troops and other Indian chasers helped themselves most liberally to the animals at the Pony Express relay stations. The probability is that for every horse or mule the noble redmen swiped, their nobler white brothers "requisitioned" ten and forgot to bring them back. The really bad Indian troubles of the West did not start until 1864, nearly three years after the P. E. had cashed in its chips.

Forget all ideas of the messengers being sniped at with repeating rifles in the hands of the Indians. It was arrows the P. E. riders feared. The gun in the hands of the redskins of the time was a muzzle-loading musket called a "paling" because its barrel was made of the doughy kind of cheap iron usually reserved for ornamental fence palings. The In-

dian habitually so overloaded this piece that the slug would not carry far. And only by accident could he hit anything more than fifty yards from him.

Finally, disabuse your imagination of any thought of a volunteer band of hard-drinking, woman-chasing, sudden-shooting heroes who carried the mail for the glory of the West. The messengers did no hard drinking and darned little shooting. They liked the glory of their jobs, all right, and there was plenty of it. But even better, they liked the \$125.00 to \$150.00 per month they were paid. Check this figure against the \$25.00 per month some of them had been glad to get as freight wagon drivers. Even thirty years later, cowboys were glad to take \$40.00 per month. The P. E. messengers were pampered but disciplined servants of plutocratic Big Business.

The true picture can only be formed by considering that the Pony Express was Big Business, and was set up like Big Business. It was started with an initial capital of \$100,000.00. You could write on a single sheet of paper the names of the U. S. businesses of that day which had a hundred grand apiece. That sum is no small potatoes even in our modern times.

The builder and owner of the line was Russell, Majors and Waddell,

Phony Express

by Ned Cady



MARSHALL DAVIS

Mr. Cady washes most of the hell-fire and damnation publicity from the Pony Express and turns it into a strictly business proposition.

Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS

a firm of overland stage and freight wagon operators. Who first thought of the overland horse relay idea for the West is a subject of much debate which we will not go into here. The mail-carrying contract was given to these three after Russell in Washington offered to bet \$10,000.00 that the firm could carry letters from the Mississippi to San Francisco in ten days. The highest speed available for the trip was then twenty-two days. But the point is, Russell had the stuff to lay on the line, and very few businessmen of the day could have faded him.

Like most big business set-ups, the Pony Express was part of a plan bigger than itself. R. M. & W. had wagon caravans, mule trains and stage coaches all carrying slow mails and freight to the West.

Theirs was a sweet business. Stage fares going west were double those coming east, the competing Butterfield line getting \$200.00 one way and \$100.00 the other, with most passengers taking the high fare direction. Freight caravans could be sold at the western end of the trail, goods, wagons and animals, and at juicy profits, so there was little need to haul empties back east. Every settler whom the drama and speed of the P. E. could persuade to go west, was one more customer.

The Far West market already was

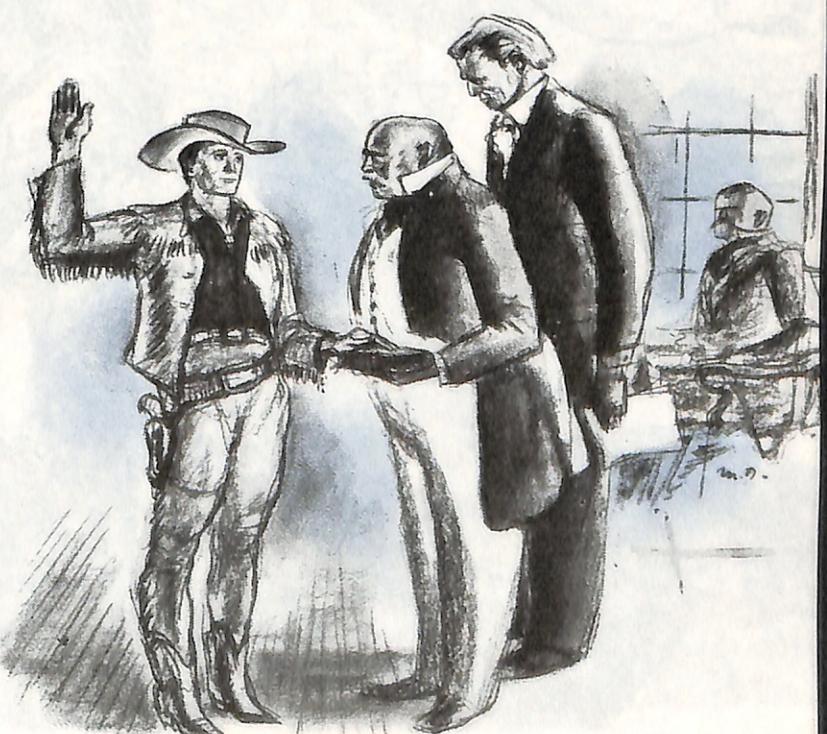
big and hungry. There were at least 500,000 people in California. San Francisco had a ship news telegraph service, state agricultural society, and like trimmings. Sacramento had a city water works. As many as one hundred ships per week had arrived at the Golden Gate. The gold rush was on. R. M. & W. were optimistic.

Furthermore, they had their competitive position to protect. Going south of their line was the "Ox Bow" route to the West, so called because its line made the shape of an ox bow on the map. The Ox Bow boys claimed that the R. M. & W. or overland route could not be kept open for fast mail in the winter. Mail contracts were at stake for the slower and cheaper mails. Local pride was involved with all of

The hiring of men went into action like the Personnel Department of General Motors. Eighty riders were recruited and sworn in.

the fierce North vs. South politics that preceded the war between the States.

Russell, Majors and Waddell were not soft-headed, romantic business gamblers. They were hard-shelled Yankees—the kind who made each



rider sign a pledge not to drink, use profanity or fight with his fellows—and then gave him a leather-bound Bible to clinch the deal. Yet, although Majors and Waddell were far from sold on the P. E. idea when Russell put it over at Washington, they risked and lost their shirts on it because a partner had pledged them to it and had offered to back it up with a bet. Once having picked up the job, they searched out every angle and laid down the details with all the thoroughness that would be used by General Electric or any other big outfit today.

The organizing of the Pony Express followed the principles and had the care that Henry Ford uses when he tools up for a new model. Any romance or adventure in it was purely incidental.

Extra surveying was done along the route to be followed, although the trail was mostly the familiar one that the R. M. & W. freight and stage lines traveled. The longest distances that horses could go at top speed were figured out for every part of the terrain—naturally, there

was a difference between flat prairie, mountain pass and sizzling desert—and relay stations where the riders would hop fresh mounts were placed accordingly. Full use was made of the army posts, ranches and wagon freight stations already on the line, but stockades, corrals and new stations were built where needed.

Grain and hay supplies were hauled to the new stations by wagons. Wells were dug. Willow poles were toted long distances to cover bog holes and quicksand beds. The West was searched for the best horses; an alluring average price of \$200 each was paid for five hundred of them.

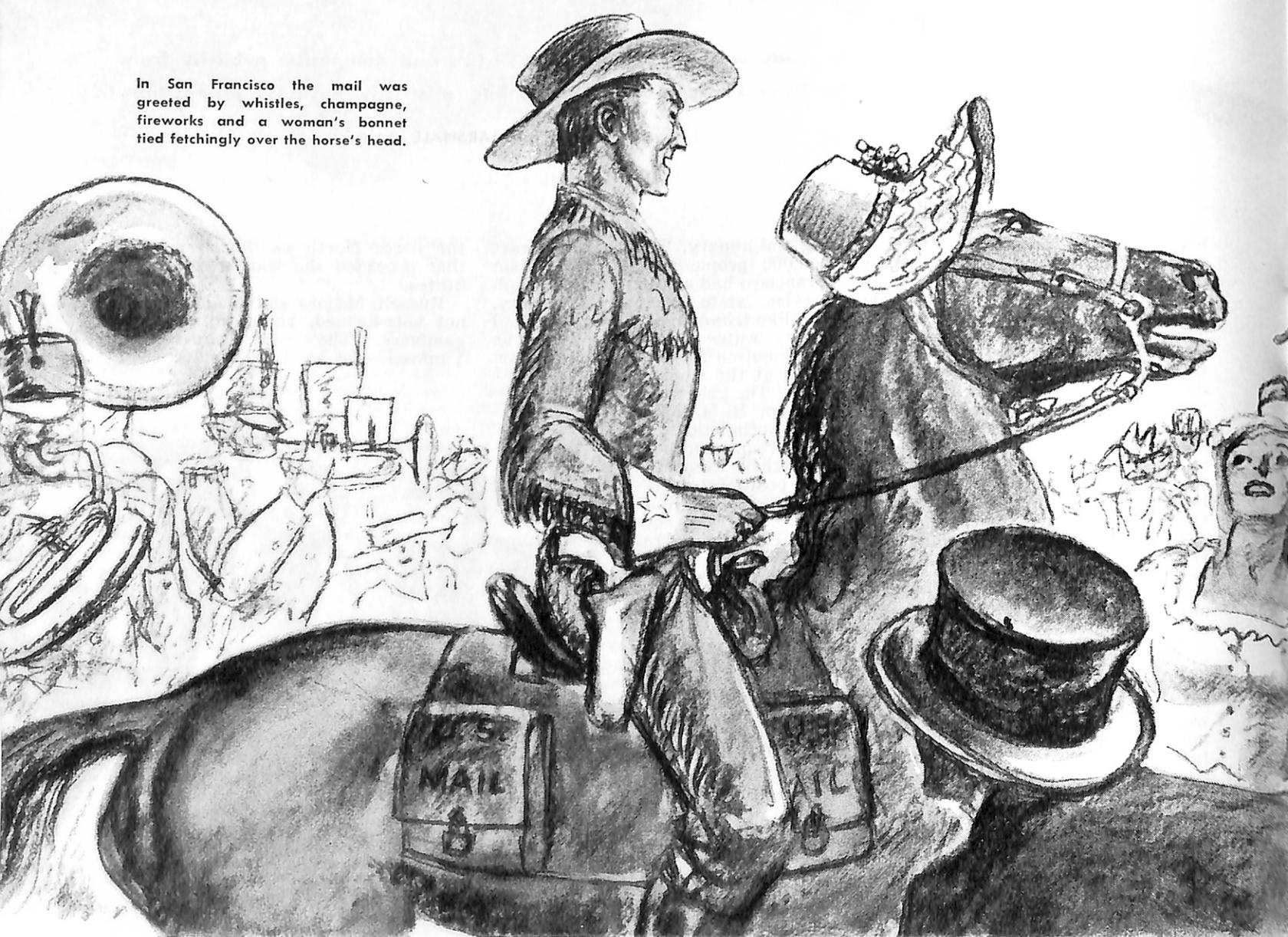
The hiring of men went into action like the Personnel Department of General Motors hiring a force of tool makers. Four hundred station men, stock tenders, blacksmiths, etc., were hired, and every one of them was the best to be found in his line. Eighty riders, the pick of the West, were recruited and put under bond. The ratio was about five men on the ground to one in the saddle.

The saddle used was special, and

no modern industrial slave-driver ever showed less care for the ease of the employee than did its designer. The thing was an instrument of torture to the man, although not uncomfortable to the horse. It was a mere light skeleton over which was placed a removable leather cover called a *mochilla* or "mooch". The *mochilla* had four pockets or pouches locked with tiny padlocks. Three pouches were for "through" mail and could be unlocked only with keys kept at the ends of the route, but the fourth, or "way" pocket could be opened at stations to take out and put in letters along the line. The idea of the design was that the *mochilla* should be tossed from saddle to saddle, avoiding the delays of resaddling when messengers swapped steeds at relay stations.

No known form of publicity to put the line across was neglected. As a sales tool to sell the West to emigrants, the Pony Express was built up to the peak. Russell's professed ten-thousand-dollar bet had made the headlines everywhere . . . "ten thousand for ten days" had a

In San Francisco the mail was greeted by whistles, champagne, fireworks and a woman's bonnet tied fetchingly over the horse's head.



euphony to it which made it sound much bigger than, say, twelve thousand for ten days. Pools and bets on whether the line would meet its schedule, and how soon, were whipped up. The riders were dressed in red shirts, blue breeches, buckskin jackets and showy boots—an outfit they soon discarded, but which made good copy in the beginning. They also had little tootie horns with which to warn the relay stations of their approach, positive proof to the press that there would be no delays.

The two first trips—east and west—were kicked off with booming cannon, parades, speeches, fire-water, flags on the horses and other stunts calculated to make national headlines. In a speech at the St. Joseph end, Majors said, "So far as Indians are concerned, a single man or a defenseless woman can cross the wilderness alone and need fear no evil." His statement was an exaggeration, but if emblazoned on the front pages, it could encourage no end of customers to take the stage coaches and covered wagons west.

There is much argument as to whether the first rider out of St. Joseph was Richardson the sailor or Johnny Frey the jockey. Johnny gets most of the votes. But the West Coast entry for the East was Jim Randall and he got so durned excited with the flags all over his hoss and all, that he climb up on the wrong side of the steed.

Bill Hamilton took it on east from Sacramento via Hangtown to Sportsman's Hall, where he forward passed the *mochilla* to Warner Upson.

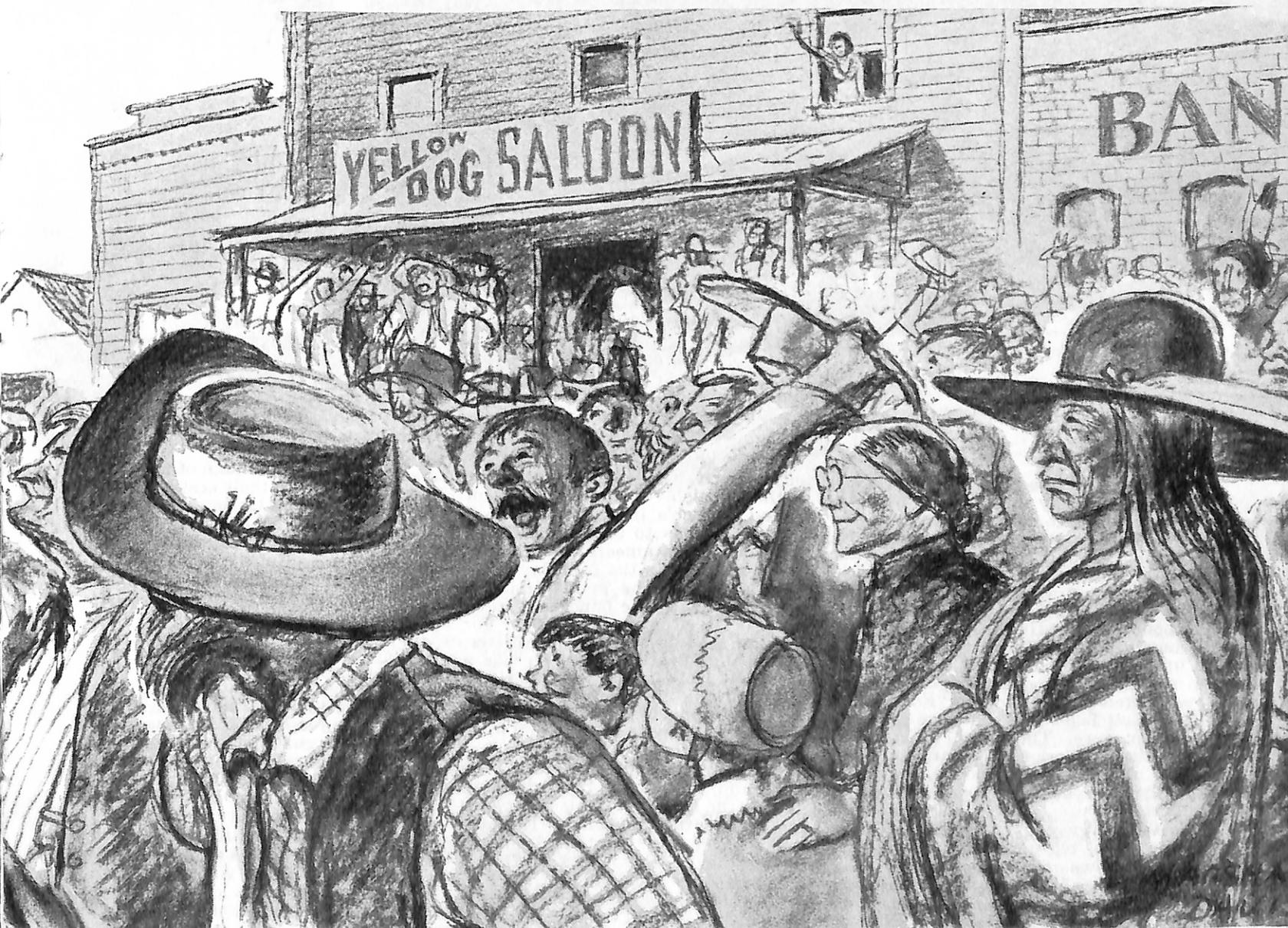
Warner was the real payoff man. It was up to him to get over the Sierras through snowdrifts sometimes as high as nine feet. If he made it, the rest of the trip was fairly sure. And he made it, walking and leading his pony part of the way, but getting past Lake Tahoe and losing little time.

On those opening trips every town along the route held its own celebration. The first westbound Pony Mail to make San Francisco was greeted with fireworks, champagne, bells, whistles, a delegation of Hussars in full uniform and a woman tying her

be-ribboned bonnet over the long-suffering horse's head.

It looked like a complete success. Yet the very first deliveries sowed the seeds of the line's destruction. The first pony to reach Salt Lake City was greeted with modest applause for the P. E. but loud newspaper editorial howls for a government subsidized "electric telegraph". The reception, if not the receipts of the first trips, proved that the West would pay for the superior speed of the wired messages. And it was the telegraph which put the P. E. out of business.

The riders who heard all of this applause could not look forward and see that their jobs would last less than two years. They were required to weigh 120 pounds or less, and therefore most of them were boys of high school age. Some were as young as fifteen. They depended upon speed to get through dangers, carrying special light revolvers but no rifles. Like all kids of their age, they could not take anything too seriously for long. They were happiest when (Continued on page 48)



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WHAT
AMERICA
IS

Reading

by Harry Hansen

Alfred Lunt, center, in a scene from Robert Sherwood's "There Shall Be No Night", a great play which will be published in book form.

FOR years admirers of Ernest Hemingway have been waiting for him to write a great novel. His earlier story, "A Farewell to Arms", showed what he could do with emotion and drama. His short stories were often first-rate. But he seemed to scatter his energies—to write about bull fighting, to go fishing for marlin off Key West, to get worked up over political issues in the Spanish War. His books were good, but we expected more. Now, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls", he has come through full stature. The most conservative of his admirers say it stands next to "A Farewell to Arms". But practically everybody else says it is his best.

Wherever you may place it, it is one of the big novels of recent years and shows that Hemingway has grown in ability to grasp the feelings of simple people and get them down on paper. It tells the story of

an American volunteer in the army of the Spanish republic, who is sent behind Franco's lines to blow up a bridge. He has to cooperate with a group of mountaineers—guerillas—to get results. In the four days that precede the act, he gets intimately acquainted with the band, and so do we. For Hemingway has an ear for dialogue and a sense of character. Robert Jordan, the American, has a passionate love affair with Maria, a waif, but the big thing in his life is the task he must complete. When the time comes he puts Maria aside to do the big job for the army. He rises unselfishly to the opportunity to serve and, wounded to the death, still guards the hill so that his associates can escape their enemies. The suspense never flags in this dramatic, moving novel. (Scribner, \$2.75)

It is not by accident that some of the best books of the year are ready at this time, late in the fall. Publish-

ers try to take advantage of the holiday trade and put their best books on the market before Christmas. If you have an eye on books for gifts, you will find many excellent volumes ready for you. But it's going to be a good winter for reading, too. The man who can't find profitable and enjoyable reading in books this year will be hard to please.

Alan Villiers has just written a book about some extraordinary voyages among unusual sailors. He calls it "Sons of Sinbad", and it describes his adventures among Arab seamen, during the year that he spent with them in the Red Sea, on the coasts of Arabia, at Zanzibar and Tanganyika, as well as his pearlling in the Persian Gulf and his association with Arab merchants of Kuwait. He sailed from Aden in a "great dhow" of fully 150 tons and visited ports that were already known to trades in the days

(Continued on page 47)

BEING laid up with nothing more serious than a crick in the back, time hung heavy, as the story writers say, and we turned to that standby of forgotten men, solitaire. We play the Canfield version. After three days of this our losses were higher than a hound's back. Let's add that anyone who doesn't think three days of one-handed card playing isn't, in the words of Josh Billings, "Too mutch," can give lessons to Job.

But that crick stuck around like an unwanted in-law. Being able to hobble by this time, we started a prowl session. Ranging into closets, digging into desk drawers, uncovering long-forgotten items. Now who in heck was *Ethel*? How come this clipping of Brooklyn beating Britain (1902) at chess, a pastime that always did leave us cold. From one special drawer, special only because it's harder to open than a gin-mill in Kansas, we came up with a handful of old theater programs. Most of these were issued by vaudeville houses which folded years ago with the demise of that grand entertainment. Looking through them we wondered how many people, like ourselves, deplore the passing of Variety, as this kind of show-business was called. Why these programs were singled out for saving, we've forgotten. But we're glad that they were as we had almost disremembered the way the acts making a vaudeville show were presented. Here's one from Hammerstein's Victoria. Long ago that landmark surrendered to the movies and for some reason—our Ouija board doesn't say—was elegantly renamed the Rialto. It still does business at the southwestern end of Times Square, New York. In its halcyon days it featured at one time or another every vaudevillian worth while. It drew heavily from the legitimate stage, too. Hammerstein was a kind of Barnum. If you went over Niagara Falls, in or out of a barrel and you lived, he'd be sure to get you. For the good-lookers prone to conduct homicidal experiments on hubby or boy friend, this became a sure thing—dead sure. That is, if they won out with a "Not Guilty" verdict.

The program in front of us dates April, 1913. It lists an assortment of song and dance acts, a magician, comedians (dialect and otherwise), a playlet—and with very modest billing a lady named Mae West programmed to do "Her latest and newest repertoire of songs." Another of January, the same year features the late John Bunny. He was at that time—perhaps you remember?—America's ace movie comic. Sandwiched on the same bill are Clark and McCullough, better known to this generation.

But the most interesting among these brochures was issued by the Orpheum Theater, February, 1907, in Brooklyn. The headliner is Vesta Victoria. To this day, the barbershop songsters will sometimes desert "Mandy Lee" and play hookey

Your DOG



By Ed. Faust

from "Sweet Adeline" to warble Victoria's famous "Waiting at the Church". But more interesting than this, we see Will Rogers unobtrusively listed as "Introducing feats with the lasso." It's the last act, a spot on the program welcomed by performers as they would greet an attack of scurvy.

Topping all other acts, in the eyes of the youngsters and many a grown-up too, were those that showed trained animals, wild or otherwise. While the big cats and such-like furnished plenty of shivers, the acts featuring dogs seemed to have the edge in popularity. Certainly was it so among the small-fry in the audience. But this is understandable—

so many people own dogs. Then too we suspect that most dog owners harbor a secret yen to have their dogs shine as entertainers in the home.

In mixed company you can get an argument both ways as to what part punishment plays in teaching dogs to do tricks. Some maintain that this is the only way performing dogs are taught. Others say "Nix". For certain of the wild animals punishment and the fear of it may be the method. We wouldn't know and we're not going to get personally acquainted with anybody's lion or tiger to find out. But it has been our experience that punishment to the point

(Continued on page 52)

NOT TO THE

By B. B. Fowler

THE blaze of midsummer sun in a cloudless sky had turned the Elian plains into an open furnace. Inside the Palaestra it was stifling. There was the raw, rancid odor of perspiration from the toiling boxers and wrestlers. The acrid pungency of liniments mingled with the sickish sweet scents of ointments and perfumes that the spectators had brought with them from the baths.

Punching the heavy sandbag, his bronzed, naked body glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration, Timotheus of Naxos watched the crowd of spectators; the strange polyglot crowd that had been gathering for the past month. There were keen-faced Athenians; Boeotians with their air of dull and puzzled wonder; the hard, soldierly masks of the impassive Spartans; Achaeans; Arcadian shepherds with the shy wildness of their mountain fastness in their curious stares; Cretans; Argives; men from the wild Ionian coast; men from the Byzantium and Rhodus; lean horsemen from the plains of Thessaly and Macedonia; Lydians; dark, hawk-faced men from Lybia and Aegyptus.

Watching them, Timotheus felt a deep stir of pride. These were the races of his world; these men, of whom it was said that they had woven the fringe of Hellenic civili-

A perspiring youth was trying to uncurl Amytos' fingers from around a pomegranate.

zation on the robe of barbarism. These were the men who had crossed wild seas and wilder lands to roar out for a season their lusty and gusty joy at the games of holy Olympia.

All about him rose the babble of unfamiliar dialects; strange variations of a common language that, combined with their common love of beauty, sport and liberty, provided the bond that held them together in one glorious civilization. Vanished for this season were the differences of political belief, economic jealousy and fierce local pride that threw them intermittently at each other's throats.

A bellow of mirth made him turn his head, straight brows drawn down in a frown over his grey eyes, the lines of his lean young face tightening.

The bellow was from Amytos of Crotona; the great Amytos, most famous of all current boxers in the Hellenistic world. Twice champion of Olympia, he was a great, bearded, scarred giant of a man, huge of arm and thigh; a vast giant with a booming laugh and a smile that was almost childish in its broad good humor.

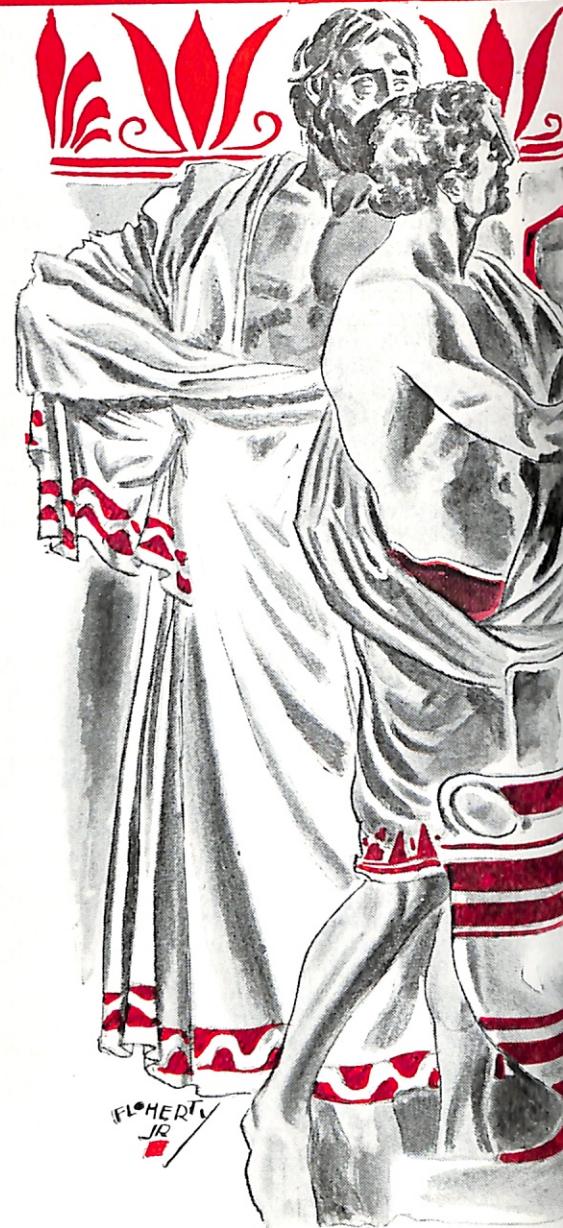
The center of the largest knot of worshippers, Amytos was putting on one of his acts. One huge fist was curled around a pomegranate. A perspiring youth was trying to uncurl his fingers. When he desisted, the roar of his mirth boomed through the Palaestra. He opened his great fist and displayed the pomegranate, unbroken and unmarred, to the gaping crowd.

Watching him, Timotheus felt irritation tighten his lips. He pivoted on his right foot and whipped his right into the sandbag with a grunt. It was strange, that blow. He could not recall when he had found himself using it first on the heavy bag. He liked it.

Drimachus' growl rumbled in his ears. "Keep that right up. Keep it up. Do you want to disgrace us by hitting to the body?"

Drimachus stepped closer to watch him narrowly with his shrewd little eyes, his scarred brows puckered in a hard scowl. Perspiration trickled down his hairy chest and over his great paunch.

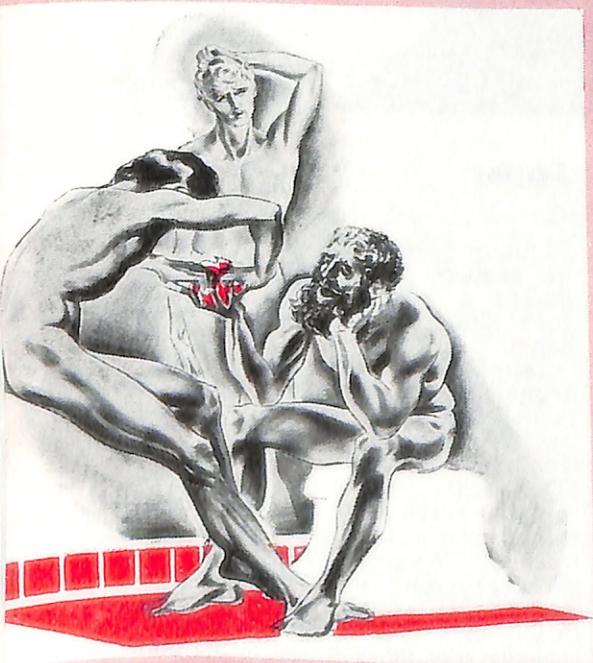
Timotheus shifted on his feet, facing the sandbag in the classic pose of the Hellenistic boxer, left arm straight, the right held back a little, knuckles of the hand shoulder high. He stabbed with the left, shifted on his feet, shooting the right high and straight to the mark.



Drimachus grunted in approval as he watched his pupil. Beside him, Diomed, the Phrygian slave, squatted on his haunches, heavy forearms resting on his bare knees; his bearded face was impassive, but his dark eyes were wise and appraising.

Diomed was, in build, very like Timotheus. He had the same great width of shoulder and leanness of waist and hips. He was a great boxer in his own right. He, too, might have competed at Olympia had it not been his misfortune to have been taken captive in a border war and sold as a slave. For only free men could compete at Olympia.

Behind Drimachus two Athenian gentlemen stopped to watch the entrant that Naxos had sent to the Olympiad. One of them drawled, "A



STRONG

It was the blow of Timotheus that won for him, a blow of science and control against brute strength—a blow for tradition.



fine lad, Drimachus. Perhaps a champion were it not for Amytos or our own Crito."

Drimachus turned, his scowl blacker as he growled harshly, "Crito. Pah! If Crito were all that stood between Timotheus and the laurel wreath he would be as good as champion now."

The Athenian laughed. "I have a talent that says that Crito is the better man."

Drimachus' growl was an unintelligible rumble. As if the Athenian did not know that one did not bring talents from Naxos to the games. A talent was a fortune.

The Athenians sauntered away toward the corner where their countryman, Crito, was punching the light fig-seed bag, swaying like a

dancer on his feet, his long muscles sliding liquidly under his gleaming skin.

Drimachus glanced back to Timotheus' wide shoulders, his eyes brightening. Only one thing worried him. In his anger, Timotheus had dropped the right again and stepped in, the arm bent at the elbow, wrist twisting as he drove the fist into the heavy bag.

"Keep it up. Keep it up," Drimachus roared. "By Zeus, you will disgrace us yet."

Timotheus shook his head, the sharp grey of his eyes clouding. Drimachus should know what he was talking about. Yet there was a feeling he got when he struck that way; a sense of power in the blow. His arm became a part of his body.

Timotheus knew that these men who surrounded him had crossed wild seas and wilder lands to roar out their lusty joy at the games of holy Olympia.

When he struck that way he could feel all the weight of his body behind the blow. Drimachus must be right. All tradition was on his side. All great champions fought in the same way, all blows straight or chopping downward.

That was the tradition of Hellenistic boxing. The sport was still in its classical purity. The *cesti* were thongs of oil-treated leather. Not yet had they begun to degenerate into the brutal *cesti*, studded with iron and lead, the killing weapons that the Romans were to develop to cover the hands of their gladiators.

Boxing was still the sport of heroes; a science that was precise and traditional beyond almost any other branch of athletics. To deliberately strike a blow to the body of an opponent was to break an unwritten but iron-clad rule.

Diomed, the Phrygian slave, murmured, "The young master has something in that blow. It could be delivered to the head. And it has its points."

"It has all the points of disgrace, slave," Drimachus growled. "No more of your Phrygian chatter to mislead the boy."

Diomed shrugged and was silent. But there was an inner speculation

in the watchful eyes that he kept on Timotheus as he punched the heavy bag.

"Enough, lad," Drimachus said finally. "You've had enough for today. You're as right as ten months' training can make you."

Diomed came to his feet as Timotheus turned from the bag. He walked behind the boy and his trainer toward the rubbing tables at the rear of the Palaestra, where his cunning hands would work over the supple muscles of the young boxer.

The chatter of the crowd rippled about them as they walked; Athenians, Spartans, Argives, Milesians, Delians and Corinthians, arguing

over the respective merits of their favorites; haggling, boasting, backing their selections with money. Here a knot of shepherds were wagering their few *obols* on the coming fights. There a handful of small merchants from rich Miletus offering bets of *minas* to the backers of the Corinthian entrant.

As they moved away, Bellerophon of Naxos rose from the corner where he had squatted, his sketching tablets in his hand. As Timotheus had worked on the sandbag he had sketched, setting down in sharp, clear strokes the outlines that would become a statue if Timotheus won.

He remembered his friend, Timo-

Illustrated by JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

He could feel the punch start in his loins and then, after a sharp twist as his fist landed, he felt the jar of it all along his arm.



theus, at Smyrna when he had beaten the champion Grifon. Here, among these greats of the game, Smyrna seemed far-off and unimportant. Beside him a Corinthian was saying, "It will be Gorgias, our champion. Why, at the Pythian games at Delphi—"

Cool amusement rippled in the laughter of the arguing Athenian as he interrupted. "At the Pythian games—perhaps. But this is not Delphi, Corinthian. This is Olympia. Amytos was not at Delphi. Nor was Crito. A *talent* says that Crito, not Gorgias, will do battle with Amytos. A *talent*, Corinthian. Money talks louder than empty boasts."

Bellerophon nodded and smiled at Sosias, the Athenian ceramist. Sosias was sitting with his back to the wall, his tablet on his knees, his dark face keen and alert as he sketched, his eyes on a pair of wrestlers. Out of those sketches, Bellerophon guessed, would emerge a graceful amphora, a lovely kylix or krater, its red ground circled with the black figures of Heracles wrestling with Antaeus.

All about the Palaestra he saw them, the young sculptors and ceramists, studying the naked bodies of the athletes; sketching; drawing; their bright ambitions in their eyes, dreaming of commissions that would come from cities and states. Here in the Palaestra, in gymnasiums and stadiums across the Hellenistic world they were sketching and studying, forming their sketches into vases, statuary, temple friezes; they were carrying Hellenic art toward its glorious zenith, wedding their art completely and inextricably with the athletics of beauty-worshiping Hellas.

The milling, gaping, chattering crowds followed their favorite boxers and wrestlers to the rubbing tables as one by one the athletes stopped their workouts for the day.

Watching them, Bellerophon felt a thrill run along his spine. This was Olympia, real capital of the Hellenistic world, where wars and internecine strife were laid aside in the holy city; where men met thus periodically in the year of the Olympiad in honorable combat under the watchful eyes of the Elians and the iron control of the spears of the long-haired Spartan hoplites.

All the way from Naxos, through the wild Cyclades into Argos and across Peloponnesus to Elis, Bellerophon had sensed the mood of the festival. As a pilgrim to holy Olympia he had traveled with no thought of fear or uneasiness. He had traveled, knowing that if hostile hands were laid upon him on that journey, the anger of the Elians, backed by the military might of the Spartans would have exacted a huge fine from city or state for harm done a pilgrim to Olympia.

Now he stood back, watching the rubbers and handlers work on Timotheus. He was a lean, spare young man with the thin face and the dark, brooding eyes of the artist.

Now that he was here with his friend, Timotheus, he was troubled and uneasy.

He had noted, and disapproved as heartily as did Drimachus, that unorthodox side-arm blow of Timotheus. So much responsibility would ride on Timotheus' fists in the next few days. He wondered if his friend had forgotten certain things. The ten-month absence from Naxos; ten months of training and testing under the watchful eyes of the officials of Elis, might have dimmed his mind to those high objectives that had carried him through municipal and state games to his nomination to the team of athletes that would compete

for the honor of Naxos at Olympia.

Impatiently, Bellerophon waited for the rubbers to finish with Timotheus. Since his arrival that morning he had waited for evening and the chance to talk to Timotheus; to remind him if necessary, to sharpen in his mind the memory of those things for which he fought.

He walked beside Timotheus out of the Palaestra to the city of tents beyond the Stadion. There could be no conversation here. The babble of the mighty throng was like the roar of the sea in his ears.

They walked past the booths where a thousand concessionaires shrilly hawked their wares. Here was a wine shop. Next to it a stall displaying urns and vases and statuary. Fruit merchants, horse traders, food sellers mingled their voices with those of the barkers who called the attention of the crowd to the fire-eaters and sword-swallowers, the tumblers and jugglers.

Later, in Bellerophon's tent they talked. Bellerophon watched Timotheus searchingly as he said, "I talked to Cleis the night before I left Naxos."

The smile that came to Timotheus' lips, the eager gleam to his eyes was proof that Cleis, at least, was not forgotten.

There was a tremor in Timotheus' voice as he asked, "And Hippias, her father, had he anything to say?"

"The games will decide," Bellerophon said soberly. "Your father has talked long with Hippias. But Hippias is as proud of his position and wealth as ever. He has ambitions for his daughter."

He kept his eyes on Timotheus as he said, "The son of Antiphanes, the merchant is no great catch for his daughter. But the winner of an Olympic crown—that is something else. Naxos has never had a champion, Timotheus. Should you return with a laurel wreath there will be no reward too great. Even Hippias could look no higher than an Olympic champion as a husband for his daughter."

"Cleis?" Timotheus asked eagerly. "What does she say?"

As he asked the question he could see her as he had seen her that day before he left Naxos, tall, as graceful as a young cedar, the heavy braid of her dark hair circling her high, white forehead. Remembering the lights that had moved in her dark eyes, Timotheus was filled with a hunger for Cleis and his island home.

Bellerophon smiled. "She told me to tell you that she makes daily offerings to the gods with prayers for your success."

"And my father? Does he hope?"

Bellerophon shrugged. "Hope is, perhaps, too strong a word. Even in Naxos we know of the mighty boxers you will have to face. The fame of Amytos is one that is known in every corner of the world."

Drimachus came across the tent, growling, "Forget about Amytos. There is Crito, the Athenian, first. (Continued on page 44)



Editorial

A Busy Month Ahead

THE month of December is always a busy one for Elks but this year it is more so than ever before.

First in its appeal and first also in its observance is Memorial Day which is the first Sunday in December and this year the first day of the month. Much time and thought are devoted to arranging a program fittingly to pay tribute to those departed. It is devoted to the memory of those who have lived and worked in harmony with us for the perpetuation and improvement of our Order embodying the ideas of a great brotherhood of man.

The first week of the month this year is to be marked by the induction into the Order of a special class to be named after our illustrious member, General John J. Pershing. It is an appeal to those interested in the patriotic activities of the Order and in upholding our government in these perilous days when storms are raging throughout the world, storms which threaten our continued existence as free, independent, liberty-loving and God-fearing people. No more appropriate designation for such a class could have been chosen and no stronger appeal could be made to our membership to enlist under the banner of Elkdom patriotic citizens as co-workers in this movement of transcendent importance.

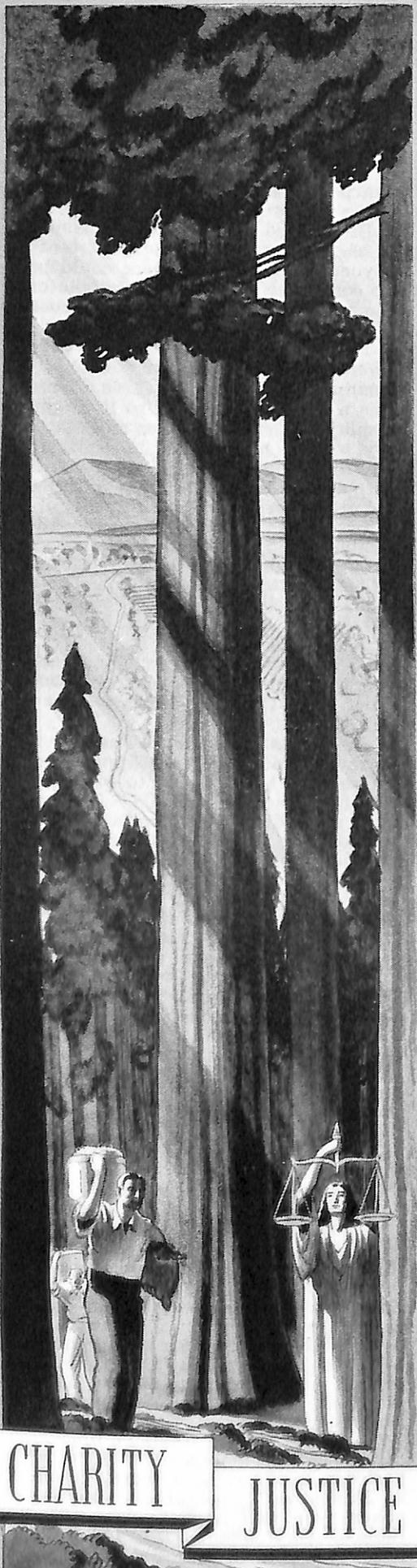
Then follow preparations for bringing good cheer and happiness to thousands of children during the Christmas Season, who but for the benefactions of our Order would have a drab and cheerless Yuletide. This alone is quite sufficient to crowd the month with activity for subordinate lodges. Committees in every lodge will be engaged in locating deserving children who otherwise would be forgotten and in planning for them a joyful Christmas Day. Then there are less fortunate Brothers, residents of our National Home at Bedford, Virginia. They must not be overlooked. It is true that we well care for them in providing them clothing, sustenance and shelter. That is all right for 364 days but on the 365th—Christmas—an additional touch of fraternal remembrance is necessary to their complete enjoyment of the day.

After Christmas comes New Year's when we must all sit down quietly, take a look into the future, make our plans and adopt the proverbial New Year's resolutions.

Yes, December is a busy month, so roll up your sleeves and get to work.

Our National Foundation

EVERY Elk should read the report of the Elk's National Foundation Trustees which will be found in full in the Proceedings covering the Houston Grand Lodge Session. You should also read, if you have not already done so, and even if you have you should reread the supplementary report of the Trustees beginning on Page 34 of the September number of your Magazine as well as that portion of the Proceedings appearing in the running account of the Convention in the August number on Page 38. The former sets forth the splendid accomplishments of



Drawings by H. H. Gilmore

the Trustees and the latter is an index to the appreciation of the Order.

The Grand Lodge established the Foundation in 1928. It necessarily took some time to get started, but each year since 1934 the Trustees have conducted a Most Valuable Student contest. The annual report with reference thereto comprises one of the most interesting and appealing features of Grand Lodge Sessions. It inspires every Elk with pride that he is to some degree responsible for the aid thus extended to young men and young women making an uphill fight to secure an education. Merit alone is considered in making these awards, and the results disclose that no mistakes have been made in these selections. The Trustees have recently issued a pamphlet which should be read by every Elk. It gives the name of each successful contestant, his or her location, the year in which the award was made and, what is of even greater interest, a "follow-up", showing as to each the progress made in various educational institutions and to what purpose the award money has been used in preparation for useful lives and American citizenship.

This, however, is only one activity which the Foundation fosters. Philanthropic and charitable enterprises are supported by it through the agency of State Associations which, on becoming eligible, receive funds from the Foundation to be used for philanthropic and educational work as each such Association may determine. Many of them make scholarship awards in their respective States. Every dollar goes to some useful purpose, and in this connection it is of interest that all expenses of managing the Foundation are paid by the Grand Lodge so that every dollar earned on the corpus of the fund is available and is expended to carry out the objects and purposes for which the Foundation was established.

There is no activity of the Order more appealing or more deserving of the support which it is receiving from State Associations and subordinate lodges, which from time to time, as they are financially able to do so, subscribe for Foundation Certificates. Individuals also make contributions and many are making bequests to the Foundation in their wills. Thus in time the corpus will be increased far above its present amount which is in excess of \$500,000, and the opportunity for greater benefactions thereby correspondingly enlarged.

A Suggested Resolution

AS THE end of 1940 approaches the time draws near for New Year's resolutions. May we suggest for your consideration insofar as it is applicable to you the following:

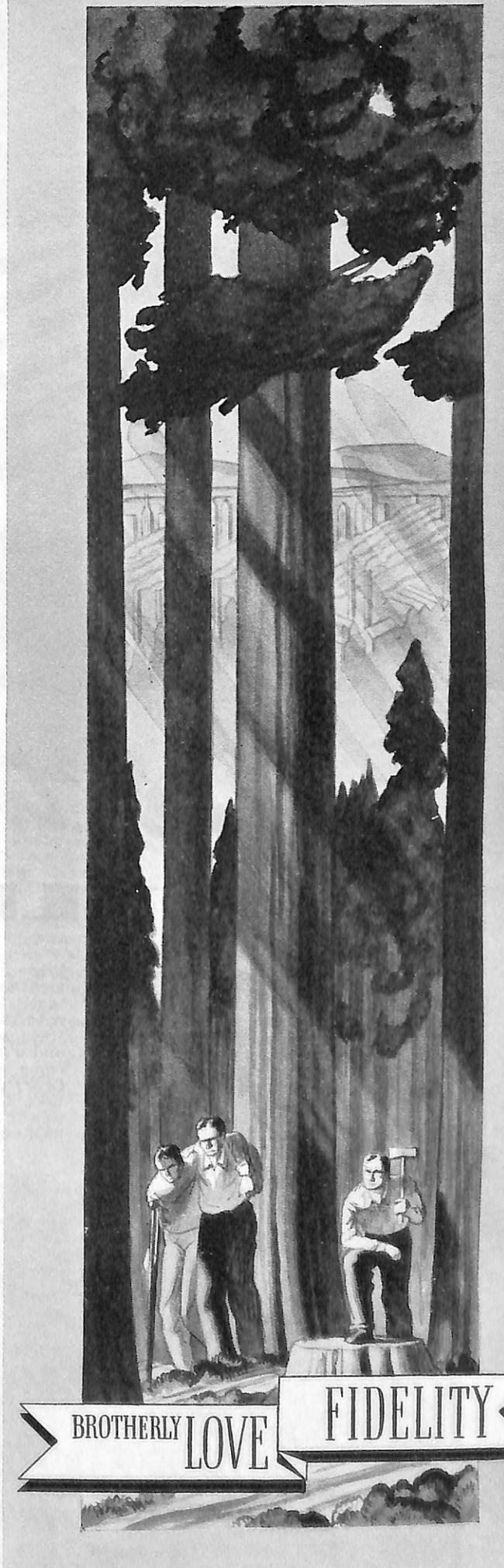
"I hereby resolve without qualification or mental reservation that during 1941 I will be a better Christian, a better husband, a better father, a better son, a better neighbor, a better American and a better Elk."

With such a resolution made and kept this will be a better world, and it won't make much difference what happens to your other resolutions.

Symbolism of Our National Colors

THE beautiful tribute to the Flag in our ritual is familiar to every Elk. The colors are there glorified in poetry to a radiance beyond the magic of the artist's brush. The symbolism of the colors is of special significance at this time when the young manhood of our country is being again "called to the colors". The red is for courage, zeal and fervency; white is for purity, cleanliness of life and rectitude of conduct; blue is for loyalty, devotion, friendship, justice and truth.

If they must once more be taken to the fields of battle, which may it please God to forbid, they will be returned unsullied and the significance of each color yet more indelibly impressed on every true patriot.





Above: The marching unit of Spokane, Wash., Lodge carrying a huge American Flag during a recent visit to the Wallace, Ida., Lodge Annual Roundup.

Under the ANTLERS

Lewistown, Mont., Lodge Operates Country Club As Social Activity

The Country Club, with nine hole golf course, owned and operated for the members by Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456, provides a fine outlet for the lodge's summer activities. Although there are no dues or membership charges other than a paid-up lodge card, the club is run at a good profit each year. Starting in May, a complimentary dance is given every Saturday night, with a good orchestra on hand. Stag breakfasts and dinners for the members and "stag" breakfasts for the ladies are served throughout the summer without charge. Monthly dinner dances, at fifty cents a plate, draw an average attendance of 300 Elks and ladies.

Many golf parties are given during the season, with Thursdays set aside for mixed foursomes and dinner. The club furnishes the prizes. This year an annual Labor Day Tournament was inaugurated and \$500 given away in merchandise prizes. The tourney was so successful that the Committee has set aside a thousand dollars for next year's

prizes. This will make the 1941 tournament an outstanding golf event in Montana. The Club enjoys great popularity with party givers, as the lodge extends free use of its facilities for luncheons and other social affairs. A warm welcome is given all members of the Order passing through Lewistown who take advantage of the lodge's invitation to visit the country club and enjoy its hospitality.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Vermont State Elks Assn. Holds Annual Meeting at Burlington

With State Pres. Harold J. Arthur of Burlington Lodge presiding, the Vermont State Elks Association met for its 13th annual convention at Burlington, Vt., on Sunday, October 13, and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Pres., Alfred E. Watson, Hartford; 1st Vice-Pres., John T. Nelson, Barre; 2nd



Right are five Past District Deputies of the East Central New York District and E.R. Dr. S. W. Wells, of Liberty, N.Y., Lodge, pictured when D.D. Harold J. Rehrey visited Liberty Lodge.

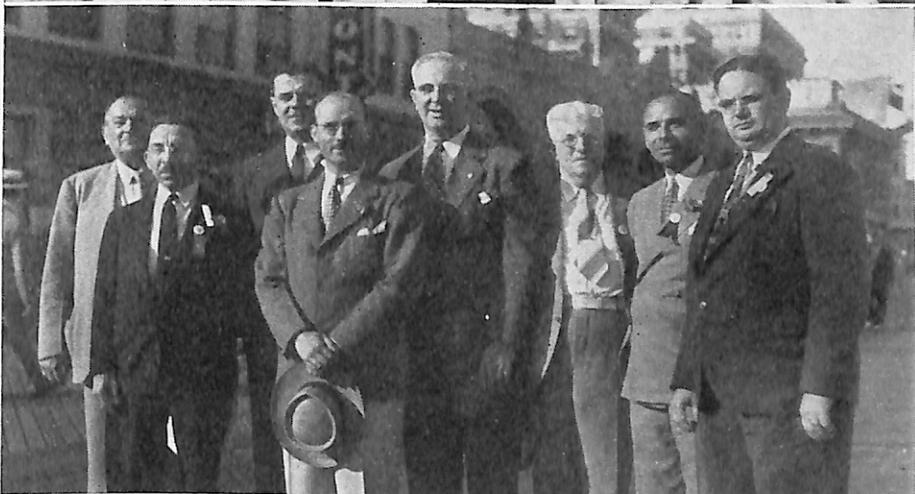
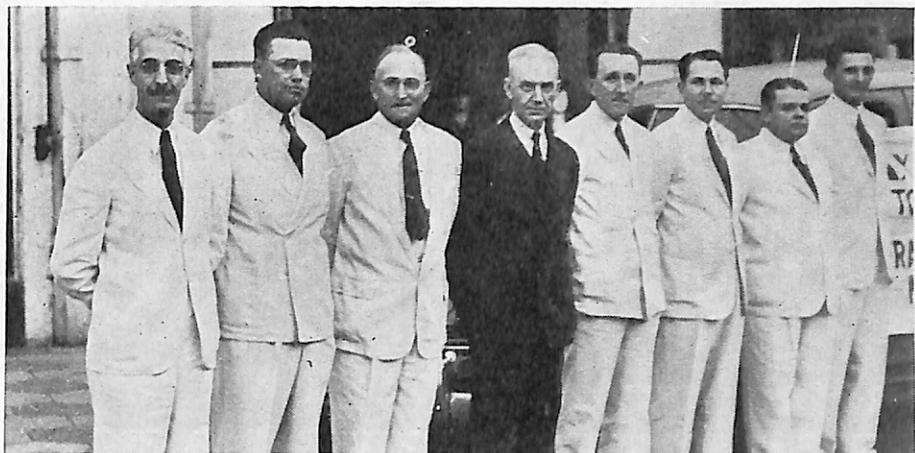
Right: The All-Star Ritualistic Team of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, which officiated at the initiation of a group of candidates into Live Oak, Fla., Lodge on the occasion of "M. Frank O'Brien Night".

Vice-Pres., John M. McMahon, Rutland; 3rd Vice-Pres., Austin E. Chandler, Bellows Falls; Secy., Alfred Guarino, Hartford; Treas., Oscar E. Beck, St. Johnsbury; Tiler, Joseph Rushlow, St. Albans; Trustees for three years: W. P. Hogan, Bennington, F. C. Corry, Montpelier, Ralph Lucius, Springfield, and Joseph Rushlow. The delegates, State officers and guests were welcomed by Mayor John J. Burns, and entertained hospitably during the day by the officers and members of the host lodge, Burlington No. 916. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Boston, addressed the Convention.

The State Association aligned itself with the nation-wide movement to stamp out foreign "isms" in this country. The principal address was delivered by U. S. Senator Warren R. Austin before more than 200 Elks who listened attentively to his exposition of patriotic principles. Mr. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, spoke on the subject of the Foundation's fund and outlined the activities of the Order pertaining to the nation's national defense program. The Committee of Resolutions, headed by P.E.R. C. Roy Calderwood, St. Johnsbury, presented a document urging full support of the agencies of the nation in their patriotic work. The retiring president, Harold J. Arthur, State Treas. Oscar Beck, P.D.D.'s John R. Hurley, St. Albans, and Robert E. Cummings, Bennington, and Charles Goodwin, Brattleboro, were appointed members of the Elks' State National Defense Committee by President Watson. Other speakers included Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt., and P. J. Garvey of Holyoke, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn.

Marion, O., Elks Sponsor a Party For Departing Guardsmen

In the Star Auditorium at Marion, O., on Sunday afternoon, October 13, the officers and members of Company D and Headquarters Detachment, National Guard, who were scheduled to entrain for Camp Shelby, Miss., the next day, were honored at a Community Party and Rally sponsored by Marion Lodge No. 32. The committee in charge was headed by Chairman Grant E. Mouser, Jr. The public was invited,



and men, women and children, including the families of the guardsmen, filled the auditorium, about a thousand in all. Members of both companies were in uniform. They were seated in a body while patriotic exercises were being held.

Leaders among the city's fraternal, civic and patriotic groups cooperating with the Elks were introduced by Est. Lead. Knight John E. Peacock, acting for E.R. Herman J. Feidner, Jr., who was ill. Judge Edward S. Matthias of the Supreme Court of Ohio, a Past National Commander of the United Span-

Above are the officers of the New Jersey State Elks Assn. who are doing much for the subordinate lodges in their State.

ish-American War Veterans, was the principal speaker. Others who spoke were Mayor R. C. Snare, Maj. George T. Geran, P.E.R., who was commanding officer of Company D during the World War, Joseph Mills, one of Marion's few living Civil War veterans, and P.E.R. George S. Kleinmaier who led the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. Members of the two guard companies were introduced by Lieut. Walter E. Mathiot, in command of Battalion Headquarters Company, and Capt. Hubert Taylor, Commander of Company D. Both officers expressed the appreciation of their men for the wonderful send-off be-

Below are candidates initiated by Jerseyville, Ill., Lodge on the night when D.D. Dr. E. T. Gallagher made his official visit. State Pres. Dan T. Cloud was also present.





At top is a picture of members of the Southern California Elks Golf League. The picture includes officers and the winning teams with their trophies.

ing given them, and pledged their loyalty in their defense duties. The Harding High School Band played.

A reception for Judge Matthias, held in the lodge home by members of Marion Lodge of Elks, Marion Camp No. 32, United Spanish-American War Veterans and the Betsy Ross Auxiliary of that organization, preceded the Rally. At the conclusion of the program at the auditorium, the Elks served luncheon and held a reception in their club rooms in honor of the "Boys of Company D".

Antlers of Fresno, Calif., Give Successful Father and Son Dinner

The Fresno Lodge of Antlers held its second annual Father and Son Dinner on September 27 in the home of Fresno, Calif., Lodge, No. 439. Approximately 90 fathers, sons, Antlers and Elks were present. Arrangements for the first dinner were made by the Antlers Advisory Committee of Fresno Lodge; this year the Antlers themselves were in charge and the attendance was about double that of last year.

James "Rabbit" Bradshaw, head coach of the Fresno State College football team, was a guest speaker. In a very interesting talk, he described some of the inside tricks of a successful football team, and explained terms and plays used by many of the teams of the country. Frank Bergon, former Chairman of the Antlers Advisory Committee, outlined the fine ideals and aims of

the Antlers organization and the good it can do for the youth of the community. Enjoyable music was provided by the Elks Haywire Orchestra. E.R. Edwin C. Hansen presented to retiring E.A. Jack McCoy a Past Exalted Antler's pin as a token of appreciation from the members of the Antlers Lodge for the progress made during his term of office. The incoming Exalted Antler, Donald Todd, introduced by Toastmaster Gilbert Jerberg of Fresno Lodge, invited all present to return again next year when the third annual Father and Son Dinner will be given.

The Pasadena Elks Toppers Win Three Cups at State Convention

Under the command of Capt. Al Palomares, managed by W. O. Kelley, and led by Topperette Jane Wells, the Elks Toppers of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, went on the field at Santa Cruz

Above are the officers of Winslow, Ariz., Lodge and a class of 19 candidates which was initiated into the Lodge as the "O. L. Gray Class".

during the recent Convention of the California State Elks Association, and won, the second year in succession, the fancy drill team competition over all classes. They won, in all, three cups, one for drill team sweepstakes over all classes, one for class "A" competition over 24-man teams, and the parade trophy.

The Toppers was organized in 1937 by Mr. Kelley. Since then, under his splendid supervision, the troupe has entertained on an average of twice a month and has become famous. Carrying about 40 members with a high class floor show of some 18 acts when traveling, the organization has been featured in nearly every State in the West, appearing at the Portland Rose Festival



Right are grade school children holding some of the 200 patriotic banners which Medford, Ore., Lodge presented to them. With them are several Medford Elks.



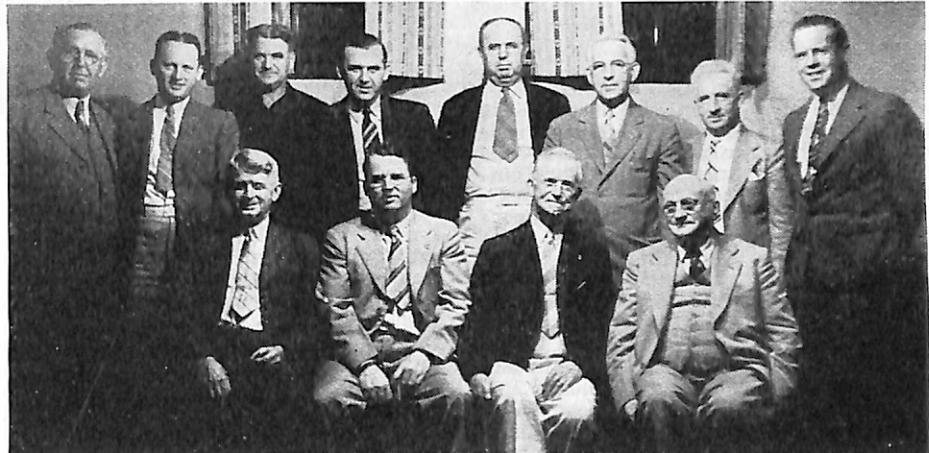
Above: Those Elks of Ossining, N. Y., Lodge who attended their 17th Annual Clambake recently.

Right are members of Hartford, Vt., Lodge with State Pres. Alfred Watson on the occasion when Hartford Lodge presented to him an Honorary Life Membership, the first the Lodge has ever issued.

and the San Francisco's World's Fair, and participating in the annual Pasadena Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day. Several well known bands and many young radio stars have been started on successful careers by the Toppers. Upon his return from the State Convention, Mr. Kelley announced that he was relinquishing his position as manager to Dr. Harry Mitchell, feeling that a change would be good for the troupe. He will continue to act in an advisory capacity.

"M. Frank O'Brien Night" Is Held by Live Oak, Fla., Lodge

One of Florida's most prominent and popular Elks, P.E.R. M. Frank O'Brien of Jacksonville Lodge No. 221, P.D.D. and Past Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., was an honored guest of Live Oak, Fla., Lodge, No. 1165, on October 1. The lodge celebrated "M. Frank O'Brien Night" with the initiation of one of the largest classes in its history. Taking cognizance of the third anniversary of its institution, Live Oak Lodge chose the occasion as a testimonial to Mr. O'Brien who installed its first set of officers as special District Deputy under the Grand Exalted Ruler of that year, Maj. Charles Spencer Hart.



The anniversary date was September 24.

Mr. O'Brien was escorted to Live Oak in the early part of the afternoon by a large delegation of Jacksonville Elks joined by members from Fernandina and Lake City Lodges. Heralded by the display of large banners, the motorcade was headed by members of the Duval County Road Patrol. Visiting Elks from all sections of the State took part in the festivities. More than 200 members attended the supper served in the club rooms.

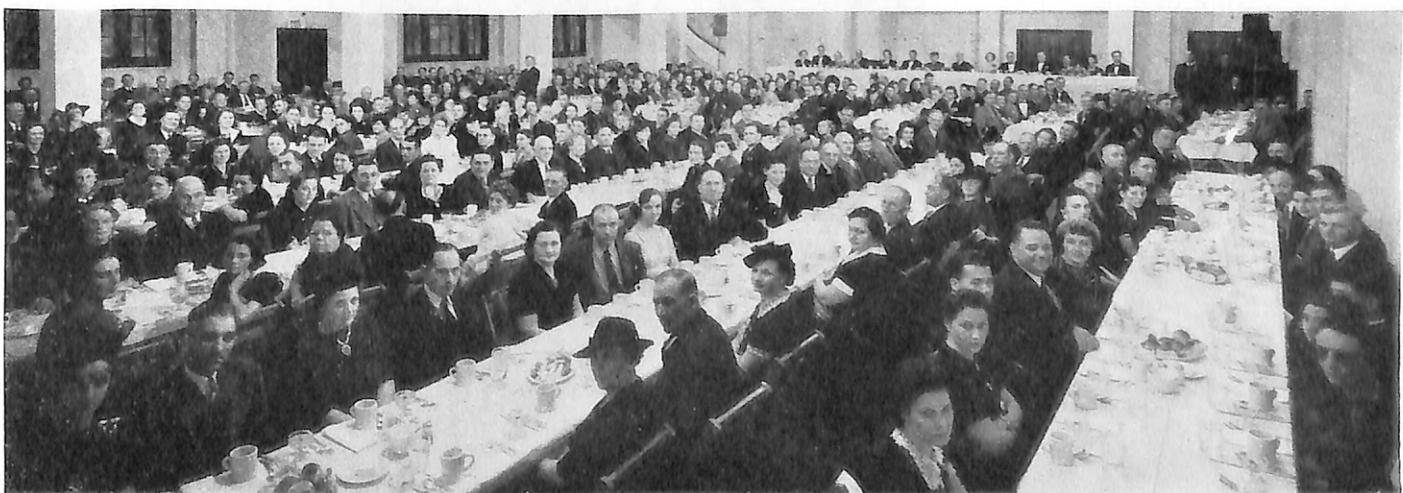
Jacksonville Lodge was further honored when Live Oak Lodge selected an All-Star Degree Team of Jacksonville members to exemplify the Ritual at the meeting. P.E.R. Robert L. Bohon, a former member of the Grand Lodge

Below are members of Salina, Kans., Lodge who attended a banquet and initiation of candidates on the occasion of the visit of D.D. George Wallerius.

Antlers Council, E.R. Alan C. Winter, Jr., P.E.R. Thomas E. Mallem and Secy. Cecil B. Lowe, served as Exalted Ruler, Esteemed Leading, Loyal and Lecturing Knights respectively. P.E.R. James T. Lowe acted as Esquire. Thomas W. Graham, Inner Guard, and E. A. Emmelhainz, Chaplain, regular officers of No. 221, completed the Team.

New Philadelphia, O., Lodge Buys Iron Lung For Free Use In County

An Iron Lung has been purchased by New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, No. 510, for the free use of the citizens of Tuscarawas County. The Lung is under the jurisdiction of the local hospital, but the lodge transports it to any home in the county whenever necessary. With the passing of a fifteen-year-old girl, while en route to Cleveland, O., where she was to have been placed in an Iron Lung, the Elks of New Philadelphia



Right are prominent members of Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, shown as they burned the \$16,500 mortgage on their Lodge home.

were brought to the realization that a life might have been saved had the hospital been equipped for such an emergency.

On September the tenth a committee was appointed and on September the seventeenth the lodge voted unanimously to purchase a \$1,450 Emerson respirator, completely equipped. After several days of demonstration in the lodge home, it was formally presented, on October 1, to Union Hospital and put into immediate use.

Golf Club at Elks National Home Stages Final Contest of the Year

Under the bright, balmy sunshine of a late Fall day, members of the Elks Home Golf Club closed the Club's season for this year with a Hole-in-One Contest on the links at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. Although the course is used throughout the winter whenever the weather permits, there will be no more tournaments until next season.

First prize was won by Joe M. Johnson, Nashville, Tenn. Second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth prizes went to the following members of the Club in the order named: Charles R. Lucas, Pulaski, Va.; John F. Abbott, Great Falls, Mont.; Charles L. Conover, Peru, Ind.; James G. Callison, New York City; William G. Hiller, Frostburg, Md. The Club extends its thanks to Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch for the donation of prizes.

D. D. George Wallerius Visits His Home Lodge, Salina, Kans.

The visit to his home lodge, Salina No. 718, of P.E.R. George Wallerius on October 9, in his official capacity as District Deputy for Kans. West, was marked by the initiation in his honor of a class of 36 candidates. The day commenced with the registration of candidates at nine a.m. A Dutch Lunch,

Right is W. V. Tiscornia, owner of a St. Joseph, Mich., semi-pro ball team; Bob Elson, sports announcer, and E.R. Lamont Tufts, of St. Joseph Lodge, as they were pictured on "Bob Elson Night".

At bottom are Binghamton, N. Y., Elks and their ladies who attended a highly successful clambake.



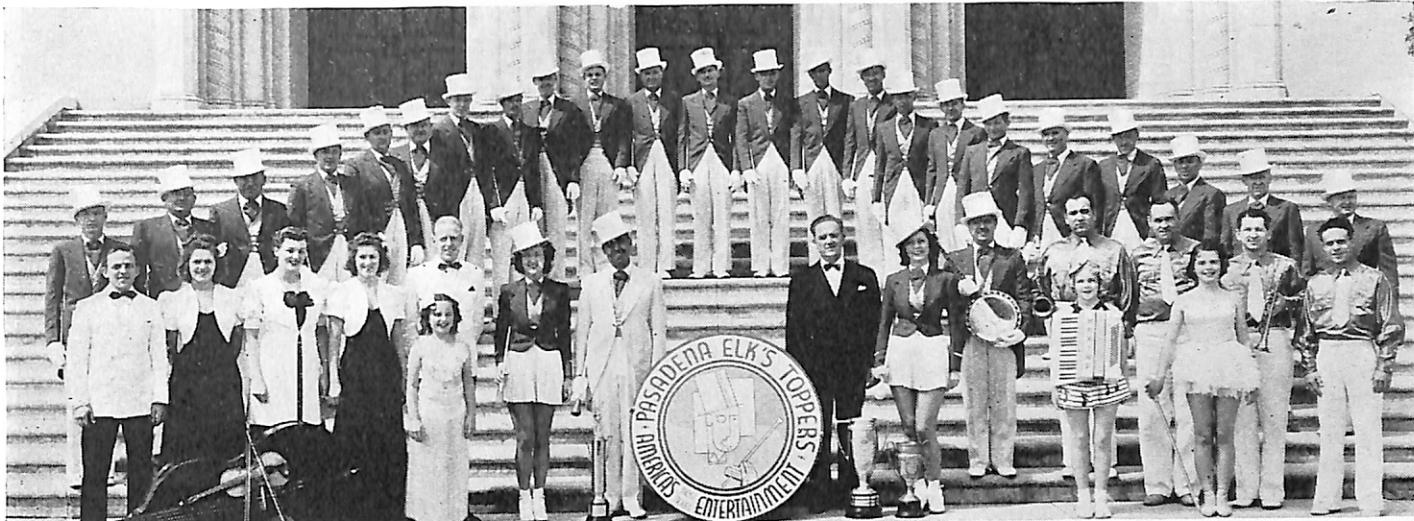
served at noon, was followed by the initiation ceremonies.

Led by the Junction City Elks Band, a number of distinguished guests, the lodge officers and the newly initiated members, a street parade was held, preceding a banquet attended by 500 which was followed by a ball at the lodge home. Proudly displayed in the parade was a group of nine flags, each of which has been used in this country at one time or another since John Cabot landed at Labrador in 1497. The banners are owned by Newton Lodge. As their bright colors were unfurled, the crowds along the thoroughfares, through which the procession passed, expressed great patriotic emotion, climaxed by the appearance of the Stars and Stripes.

Two Outstanding Affairs Held In St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge Home

More than a year ago, St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541, invited the new citizens of the community to hold their Americanization Program in the auditorium of the lodge home. Since then, three lodges in the county of which he is Circuit Judge, St. Joseph, Benton Harbor No. 544 and Niles No. 1322, have been selected by Judge Fremont Evans to sponsor the annual exercises. On Sunday, Oct. 6, 1940, the presentation of Certificates of Citizenship to those who were admitted on September 27 was made for the second time in the St. Joseph Elks' auditorium. The program was impressively conducted and at-





tended by a large audience. Judge Evans delivered the address of the occasion. St. Joseph Lodge, with other organizations including Boy and Sea Scouts, and the American Legion, participated in the Advancing of Colors and Standards.

The lodge gave one of its most successful parties on the following Thursday evening. Bob Elson, a recipient of one of the three awards made this year to the "nation's best sports announcers", entertained the members and guests with a description of some of his experiences as a sports reporter and an actor.

State Association and Hartford, Vt., Elks Honor Alfred Watson

Hartford, Vt., Lodge, No. 1541, in-

Above are the Pasadena, Calif., Elks Toppers and those members of a floor show who entertained when Pasadena Lodge won the Fancy Drill Competition held by the California State Elks Assn.

stituted in 1928, has issued but one Honorary Life Membership. The recipient, Alfred E. Watson, served four terms as Exalted Ruler. He was elected President of the Vermont State Elks Association at the annual State Convention held at Burlington in October.

Presentation of the Life Membership was made at a largely attended testimonial dinner given for Mr. Watson in appreciation of his services. In making the presentation speech, E.R. Ronald Cheney spoke of Mr. Watson's untiring

efforts toward the establishment of the lodge in the excellent position it occupies at the present time, helping it through a period of "dark days" and assisting materially in the solution of the numerous problems which have confronted the officers and committees from time to time. Although he is 84 years of age, Mr. Watson is active in all of the affairs of the State Association and the lodge at Hartford of which he is a charter member. One of his chief interests is the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children, sponsored by the Association, to which Hartford Lodge has contributed liberally.

Activities of Elks and Antlers of Boise, Ida.

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, held its annual "Kick-Off Night" for members and their ladies in September. The hall was gaily decorated with carnival pennants. The distribution of awards, dining and dancing were features of the evening, with Avery Thomas's orchestra furnishing the music and the Elks' Chorus singing at the various concessions. Ralph Anderson was General Chairman.

On October 11, Boise Lodge staged its first annual Father and Son banquet, with 350 present. Joining with the Elks in giving the banquet were the members of the Boise Lodge of Antlers who brought their fathers. The Elks brought their sons. E.R. Robert S. Overstreet presided and Porter Seibert of the Antlers Lodge was Master of Ceremonies. Patriotic and popular numbers were rendered by the Elks Chorus directed by Kenneth Hartzler who also led in the community singing. Door prizes were presented to lucky ticket holders, and a technicolor film, "Trip through Hells Canyon", was shown by Dr. A. J. Coats, of Boise, a member of the crew which made the hazardous trip. Paris Martin, Jr., Boise, was the principal speaker. Several members of the Boise baseball team of the Pioneer League, who were among the guests, autographed programs and baseball paraphernalia.

Above, left, are members of the Montoya American Legion Post when they presented a handsome American Flag to Santa Fe, New Mex., Lodge.

Left: P.D.D. A. George Fish presents a gold membership card, signed by retiring State Pres. Elmer B. Maze, to State Secretary Emeritus R. C. Benbough, of San Diego, Calif., Lodge.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visit*



Before the end of October, Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch completed a 10,000 mile trip that carried him to the far reaches of the Order's jurisdiction, the lodges in Alaska. Met everywhere with enthusiasm, Mr. Buch returned with a feeling of great satisfaction over the condition of the lodges in the far Western section of the country. He was accompanied on his trip by Col. William H. Kelly of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left La Guardia Field, New York, on September 30 on a non-stop flight to Chicago where he was met by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, of Washington, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, of Chicago. A conference, lasting well toward midnight, was held in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. Leaving Chicago on October 1, the travelers made their next stop at Milwaukee, Wis., where they were greeted by E.R. Joseph G. Konop and a delegation of Elks. Then a stop was made at Rochester, Minn., where the greeters were headed by E.R. L. F. Milostan, the mayor of the city, and officers of the lodge. At Minneapolis, Minn., the Grand Exalted Ruler was met by an old friend, Lannie Horne, who at one time edited the "Jolly Elk", and by Secy. Stanley P. Andersch.

At the Fargo, N. D., stopover, Sam Stern, of Fargo Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Mrs. Stern, were on hand when the plane landed, along with Secy. Frank V. Archibald and a number of other Elks. At Miles City, Mont., Mayor H. E. Recin, E.R. Martin Walsh, and P.E.R.'s Judge George W. Farr, F. E. Burkholder, Harry J. McMahon and C. S. Hanson were members of the receiving party. E.R. Clay Crippen presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a beautiful picture for his office when he greeted him on his stopover at Billings, Mont. The mayor

Above is Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch with members of Miles City, Mont., Lodge, upon his arrival there.

of the city and a number of Elks were in the reception party. Leaving Billings before stopping at Butte, a flight was made over the Anaconda Copper plant. Mr. Buch and Col. Kelly also had an opportunity to view the Great Divide from the air. At Butte, Mont., E.R. Leo Carter and a large delegation were on hand when the plane arrived. The welcoming party included D.D. Joseph Sullivan, E.R. Frank J. McDonald and Joe Hendricks, of Anaconda; Past State Pres.'s Gus E. Ott and Harry A. Gallwey, P.D.D. James T. Finlen, Jr., P.E.R.'s Frank L. Riley and William Nicholls, and Chaplain Harry Shaffer, Butte. At Spokane, Wash., E.R. Paul F. Schiffner and a delegation of Elks were on hand.

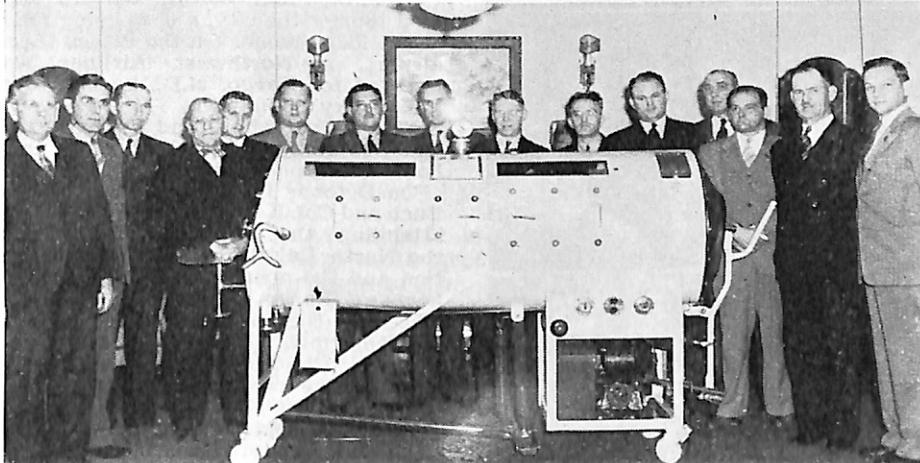
The next stop was Seattle and there the tour began to gather momentum. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John E. Drumme and E.R. Kenneth E. Combs escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Hotel Olympia where he attended the sessions of the National Hotel Association. On October 4, Mr. Buch and Col. Kelly were guests at a dinner given by Seattle Lodge, which was also attended by the officers of Ballard, Wash., Lodge headed by E.R. R. J. Carlson, Past State Pres. A. W. Tenney, 1st Vice-Pres. Barney S. Antic, P.D.D.'s M. G. Ringenberg and C. A. Steele, and P.E.R.'s O. W. Jackson, Bill Johnson, Axel Thorsen, Nels Olson, P. F. Berg, Judge Guy B. Knott, J. P. Seymour and H. Sylvester Garvin. The turnout of Seattle members included the officers headed by E.R. Combs and Secy. Victor Zednick, and P.E.R.'s G. S. Costello, Arthur Ochsner, C. D. Davis, Mr. Drumme, Ralph Hammer and Arthur Wichman. Past Grand Inner Guard Harrie O. Bohlke, Yakima, and P.E.R. Henry Parrott, Bellingham, were present. The next day, October 5, the Grand Exalted

Ruler held a conference with Frank Schelberg, Chairman of the committee which raised money for the Convalescent Center for Crippled Children at Seattle following a visit made by Mr. Buch to Seattle a number of years ago in behalf of work by the Elks among crippled children. At noon a sightseeing trip was taken under Mr. Drumme's direction, a visit being made to the Convalescent Center and the Veterans Hospital. A stop was made at the Olympia, Wash., Lodge home which was recently remodeled, and one at Centralia, Wash. The Grand Exalted Ruler was enthusiastically greeted by a large number of Elks and was greatly impressed with the excellent condition of the lodges. Chehalis, Wash., was the next stop and here a district conference was held following dinner at the hotel. All Exalted Rulers and Secretaries were in attendance and also D.D.'s Smith Troy, Olympia, and Jack C. Cassidy, Everett; State officers including Pres. Edwin J. Alexander, Aberdeen, Vice-Pres.'s Lee Campbell, Chehalis, and Barney Antic, Ballard, Treas. G. Ed. Rothweiler, Bellingham, and Secy. Louis Flieder, Bremerton, and many other prominent Elks. On October 6, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly were guests on a salmon fishing trip, the host being Past State Pres. Frank L. Cooper of Everett Lodge. The party had great luck fishing on Puget Sound and afterward all were luncheon guests of Captain Ed Taylor, a member of the Order, at his cabin on the Sound. That evening Mr. Buch visited Everett Lodge where he was met by E.R. Harry C. Gaul and Secy. Frederick B. Huddle. A salmon dinner was served and the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a fine picture and a 28-pound prize salmon which was frozen in a cake of ice and shipped to his New Jersey home.

Leaving by Clipper Plane for Juneau, Alaska, a stop was made at Ketchikan where the travelers were met by E.R. C. H. Drury, D.D. J. E. Johnson and a



Above are those who attended a stag dinner party held recently by Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge.



Left is the "Iron Lung" which members of New Philadelphia, Ohio, Lodge presented to Union Hospital.

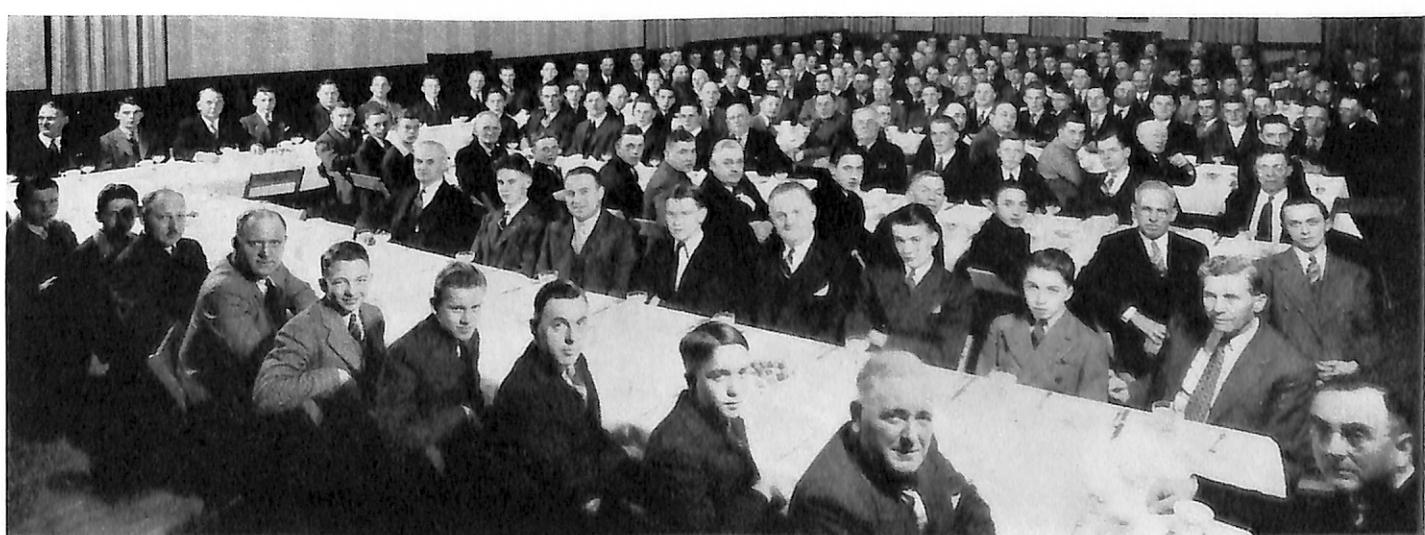
large delegation. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a desk set symbolic of Alaska. When the Clipper Plane stopped at Auk Bay, E.R. Howard E. Simmons of Juneau Lodge, E. L. Bartlett, Secretary of Alaska, and a large delegation of Elks met the visitors. A reception was given in Mr. Buch's honor at the home of P.D.D. Louis W. Turoff, attended by the officers of Juneau Lodge, P.D.D.'s Harry Sperling, Henry Messerschmidt and George Messerschmidt, P.E.R.'s J. A. Hellenthal, Juneau, and V. W. Mulvihill, Skagway, and many others. That evening a dinner was given for the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly at the Baranof Hotel. The visitors and a number of other Elks were taken the next day on a trip to Taku Glacier on the Motorship *Forester* of the U.S. Forest Service,

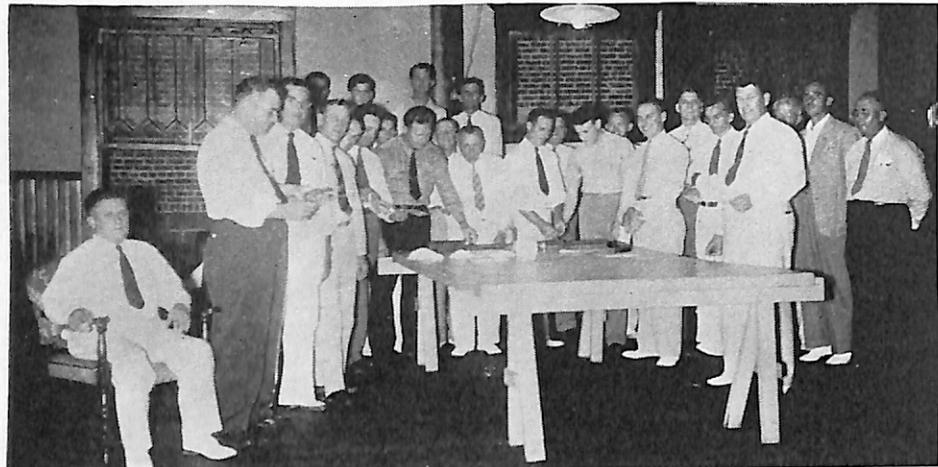
commanded by Captain Bernie Aikens. The party returned in time for a venison dinner at the home of P.D.D. M. E. Monagle and a reception at the Elks' Hall. On Wednesday, October 9, the distinguished visitors were taken on a sightseeing trip through the mines of the Alaska-Juneau Company by the Superintendent, P.E.R. Walter Scott. At night a district conference was held at the Juneau Lodge home with all of the lodges represented, a remarkable fact considering that all of the visiting Elks had to come by plane or boat. Besides D.D. Johnson, P.D.D. Leonard Soholt, Ketchikan, E.R.'s Edward G. Barber,

At bottom are those who were present at the Annual Fathers' and Sons' Banquet held by Meadville, Pa., Lodge.

Anchorage, Uley White, Petersburg, C. H. Drury, Ketchikan, and Frank Winston, Wrangell, many Past Exalted Rulers were present with other present or past officers, and several visiting Elks from the States. A fishing trip was staged on October 10 for the visiting party, this time to the ice caves of the Mendenhall Glacier. The host was P.E.R. Dr. G. F. Freeburger of Juneau Lodge. That evening a banquet was held in the Gold Room of the Baranof Hotel, attended by 300 guests. At the dinner P.E.R. R. E. Robertson, acting as Toastmaster, presented a gold nugget chain to the Grand Exalted Ruler who was the principal speaker at the banquet. Col. Kelly and Mr. Johnson, District Deputy, also spoke.

Leaving Juneau on October 11 by plane, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly made the return trip to Seattle, being met by Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John E. Drumney, P.D.D. Charles C. Bradley of Portland, Ore., Lodge, a former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and Frank J. Lonergan, Portland, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, who on October 12 escorted them to Portland. On the outskirts of Vancouver, Wash., the car was met by E.R. J. P. Breckel, the Vancouver Chief of Police and a large delegation and escorted to





Left is a photograph taken when Gainesville, Fla., Lodge sponsored a finger-printing program in keeping with the suggestion of the Department of Justice.



Above is a picture taken when Huntingdon, Pa., Lodge entertained approximately 1,000 children at a watermelon party.

the Vancouver Lodge quarters where a fine reception was given the visitors. During the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly attended the Washington-Oregon football game, later paying a visit to the lodge home and in the evening being honored at a banquet attended by about 250 members of the Order including State Pres. J. E. Luckey, Eugene, State Vice-Pres. H. E. Nicholson, Astoria, State Trustee J. Edward Thornton, Ashland, Past State Pres. Oscar Effenberger, Tillamook, Past State Secy. Dewey Powell, Klamath Falls, D.D.'s Harold A. Cohn, Heppner, and S. J. Halsan, Astoria, Mr. Drummey, Mr.

Bradley and Mr. Lonergan, E.R.'s W. M. Dodge, Ashland, Gail Reynolds, Lakeview, and R. T. Burghardt, Eugene, and many Secretaries and Past Exalted Rulers of the various lodges. On October 13 the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly were taken on a trip to Bonneville Dam and then along the famous Columbia River drive. At noon a district conference was held with all the lodges but one represented by present and past officers. The officers of Portland Lodge were headed by E.R. Richard Jones. The Oregon State Elks Association was represented and D.D. J. W. Flanagan, of Marshfield Lodge,

Below are those who attended a banquet held by Fargo, N. D., Lodge in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch.

was present. After the conference a trip was taken to Mt. Hood and the Timberline Lodge, the party returning in time to allow the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly to catch a plane for Portland, Ore. On the way a stop was made at Yakima, Wash., where the plane was met by E.R. C. A. Gholson and a delegation of Elks who presented Mr. Buch with a box of delicious Washington apples. Arriving at Spokane, Wash., E.R. Paul F. Schiffner took the two travelers on a tour of the city, a stop being made at the lodge home. On the return to the airport, a Northwest Airliner was boarded for Fargo, N.D., passing over the Rocky Mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Stern met the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly and took them to their home for a pheasant dinner.

On October 15, Grand Exalted Ruler Buch and Col. Kelly visited Fargo, N. D., attending the quarterly meeting of the North Dakota State Elks Association and the noon luncheon held in the home of Fargo Lodge. State officers, officers of the ten North Dakota lodges and chairmen of the local and State Crippled Children's Committees were present. The luncheon-meeting was presided over by Past State Pres. Sam Stern of Fargo, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. Work for crippled children and other activities that are being conducted by North Dakota lodges along the lines of the national program were discussed. Reports indicated that a gain in membership would be shown this year. Mr. Buch spent the day in Fargo, visiting the Children's Hospital which is supported by the North Dakota Elks, renewing old friendships and visiting with P.D.D. Harold K. Jensen, of Mandan, who has been a patient at the Veterans Hospital since 1938. About 500 Elks from all over the State attended the dinner given for the Grand Exalted Ruler that evening at the lodge home. E.R. Kenneth A. Fitch, of Fargo Lodge, was Toastmaster. P.D.D. Father P. McGough, Valley City Lodge, gave the Invocation. The Elks Purple Band, directed by Ben Torgerson, played during the dinner. Brief speeches were

(Continued on page 52)



1000 Lodges Hold Americanization and Preparedness Meetings

REPORTS are coming in to the Elks National Defense Commission from all sections of the country, telling of the success of the preparedness meetings held by practically all of the subordinate lodges during the week of October 21.

With the limited space available it is impossible to give detailed accounts of all of these meetings. Also the early closing date for this issue of *The Elks Magazine* permits of only a brief résumé of the reports which have been received by the Commission prior to October 26.

In many instances the meetings were combined with parades, aviation maneuvers and military displays.

Pueblo, Colorado, Lodge, as reported by P. D. D. Bellinger, is one of the outstanding examples. A gigantic parade led by the National Guard, service organizations and high school units with six bands and two drum corps participated. While the parade was forming, eighteen U. S. bombers, including a flying fortress, appeared over the city in bombing formation. The power company, upon a signal from the fire siren, gave the city a complete blackout. Six searchlights were turned upon the planes which, in turn, performed a bomb diving act, giving the city a practical demonstration of how an industrial city could be bombed. The parade was followed by a large meeting with a speech on Americanization by Dr. George L. Nucholls.

Suffolk, Virginia, Lodge held a large meeting with 300 Boy Scout Troops from surrounding counties as guests.

Columbus, Ohio, Lodge put on a National Defense parade.

Flagstaff, Arizona, Lodge secured speakers to talk to the students in the schools and colleges in that district.

San Francisco Lodge worked out a joint program with the American Legion.

Chehalis, Washington, Lodge also had a joint program with the American Legion.

Albert Lea, Minnesota, Lodge, following the program suggested by the National Defense Commission, held an overflow meeting addressed by Captain Norman Rawson.

Springfield, Massachusetts, Lodge had Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts as their speaker.

Goldsboro, North Carolina, Lodge developed a unique and patriotic idea by making a survey of American Flags displayed regularly in that city, with the result that it was found that the Post Office, Elks Club and a funeral home were the only institutions so doing. This has since been remedied and from now on flags will fly from all schools and public buildings as well as on many private places of business.

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge had as its guest speaker Attorney Ben H. Giffen, former American Legion Commander.

Cicero-Berwyn, Illinois, Lodge arranged a patriotic musical program with the assistance of Admiral Downs of the 9th Naval District and Lt. General Lear of the 6th Corps Area.

Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge held its meeting October 23 preceded by a parade through the streets.

Danville, Pa., Lodge followed the program suggested by the National Defense Commission.

Bucyrus, Ohio, Lodge was fortunate in securing the services of the famous Elks band from Columbus. The participation of this band in the parade as well as at the meeting created a splendid audience for the speaker of the evening.

Marion, Ohio, Lodge held a community rally honoring the boys of the 166th Infantry who were mobilized on October 15 and mustered into service on October 16.

Saratoga Springs, New York, Lodge honored their local company of Infantry which was called into the service in October with a farewell celebration.

Lansing, Michigan, Lodge held a joint meeting with the Michigan Defense League.

Newark, Ohio, Lodge had Major Montgomery, Circuit Court Judge, as their speaker after a parade.

Bristow, Oklahoma, Lodge is holding meetings in their school assemblies and establishing classes for their illiterate adult population.

Spokane, Washington, Lodge followed the suggestions of the National Defense Commission.

Alliance, Nebraska, Lodge held a patriotic meeting with the musical program led by the Alliance High School band.

Marinette, Wisconsin, Lodge had an "All American" program of music, speeches and entertainment at a Preparedness meeting combined with a John J. Pershing Class initiation.

Daytona Beach, Florida, Lodge packed their auditorium at their "I Am an American" meeting on October 21.

These are but a few excerpts from the reports which are coming in every day. They indicate the wide-spread interest on the part of subordinate lodges in the National Defense Program.

In the next issue of *The Elks Magazine* there will be further reports of lodge activities in this connection, as well as a statement concerning the additional features of the Defense Program.



ELKS NATIONAL DEFENSE COMMISSION

Palmy Days

(Continued from page 13)

for bathing, for beach sports, and for motoring at the very edge of the ocean. At low tide the beach is two hundred feet wide.

Indian River is a name familiar, if not to every Elk, to the wife of every Elk, in the country, bringing to mind as it does the sweet oranges, the luscious grapefruit which grace her breakfast table. This beautiful stretch of water is not exactly a river, however, but rather a long lagoon of salt water, festooned on the east with easily accessible islands which have their own sandy beaches. The Indian River district is one of Florida's most important citrus growing areas. The splendid quality of its fruit, it is said, is the result the particular happy combination of soil and climate found along the river's shores.

All along the journey down the coast will be found small cities and resorts, so attractive that no one wants to pass them by. Then comes the spectacle that is Palm Beach. The extreme of luxury and of gaiety in winter resorts in the United States is unmistakably Palm Beach. On this peninsula between Lake Worth and the Atlantic, there is an atmosphere of magnificence in settings of startling beauty. Homes and hotels which can only be described as palatial gleam against their background of luxuriant tropical foliage.

From the ocean-side, where the surf breaks gently, can be seen the deep blue of the Gulf Stream. It is that same Gulf Stream which grants to Palm Beach its mellifluous climate, and it is that climate, as well as the sophistication and gaiety, which calls visitors back year after year.

Miami, too, has its magnificence, and it has also its share of the simpler way of living. To this city, which was once only an Indian trading post, trek over a million visitors each year. It is easy to understand why they come. Miami boasts of its average winter temperature of about seventy degrees, and claims an average of 359 sunshiny days a year. Besides the usual Florida sports of surf bathing and fishing, there are such exciting diversions as horse racing, at Tropical Park and later at Hialeah, jai-alai, and dog racing.

At Miami there is another slim

peninsula, another of those tapering fingers with which Florida beckons the ocean closer. This is Miami Beach, younger even than Miami. At Miami Beach there are none of the unpleasant aspects of an industrial civilization. No factories rear their smoke-stacks into the blue; there are no slums. Miami Beach has the distinction of having been created for no other reason than to be a resort.

Having reached Miami, visitors will be tempted to continue their travels to Havana, the West Indies and the Bahamas, so easily accessible by plane and by boat. Neither plane nor boat is necessary, however, to reach the unusual city of Key West, which can be approached by bus or by means of the family car. That in itself is by way of being a world-wonder, since the highway marches out to sea on stilts, from the tip of Florida, to overtake the island city.

BECAUSE it is remote, and because it is quaint, Key West possesses a glamour of its own. There is a fine and fashionable hotel, and there are, besides, rows of the simplest of shacks. Little sail boats whip here and there among the coves. There are mostly sea and sun and air in Key West, and here is the simple life at its zenith. Yet Key West is noted for the excellence of the fishing in the surrounding waters. There are many to whom the quaintness and the quiet of the island fulfill fondest dreams of Florida.

Across the State from Jacksonville, or up the Tamiami Trail from Miami, the Gulf of Mexico wears a necklace of pretty towns with musical names like Moon Lake (where there is a Dude Ranch), Clearwater, and Sarasota. A little back from the coast, on the Caloosahatchee Inlet, palm-shaded Fort Myers offers some of the best tarpon fishing in the State. Resting sweetly between the Gulf and Tampa Bay is the sunny peninsula which carries St. Petersburg at its tip. St. Petersburg is the mecca of thousands of travelers who long for a peaceful vacation "at home away from home".

Huge as it is, St. Petersburg has retained the friendly atmosphere of a small town, and as a rule it is in

formal to a degree. Beloved of the sun, its climate is a joy to refugees from a northern winter. Surrounded by water on three sides, it has twenty miles of bathing beaches, room enough for all comers.

Of sterner stuff, business-like Tampa, across Old Tampa Bay, still contrives to be an attractive winter resort. Of interest to sight-seers is the Southeast Army Air Base now under construction. Within easy driving distance is the Hillsborough River State Park, where, on a tract of more than seven hundred acres, there are furnished cabins which may be rented by those who would like to draw up and stay a while.

Lovely in its tropical beauty on Sarasota Bay is Sarasota. The name will always, no doubt, bring to mind the Ringling Brothers' Circus. Further thanks to the Ringlings can be offered for the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art. At Sarasota, too, there are miles of those firm white gulf-coast beaches which mean Florida to so many Northerners.

A new State road thrusting down the center of the State reveals at last that there is land between the east coast and the west of Florida, and makes it easy for travelers to explore that lovely inland region.

Perhaps the lake section will prove the strongest attraction. Here sweet, homelike little towns nestle among the countless fresh water lakes. Game fish in these lakes provide good sport, and attractive fishing camps are numerous. In this area is said to be the best big-mouth black bass fishing in the world. Leesburg, which lies between two of the largest lakes of the State, presents the National Fresh Water Bass Tournament each winter between December and March.

At Lakeland there are fifteen lakes within the city limits, besides hundreds 'round about, to provide fresh water sports, and farther south is Lake Wales, where, on top of Iron Mountain, is the famous singing tower.

But these gentle, spreading, almost tropical towns, east, west and south, tell only half of the charming story of Florida. Each one, and many more, repays more than a fleeting visit. Can't you stay all winter?

No Evidence

(Continued from page 7)

Drive, yes. Will you come right over, please. Something terrible has happened to my husband. I think he's been murdered."

She dropped the receiver and sat trembling, staring up at the painting over the fireplace. Now they could come and arrest her. The sooner the better.

Very much the better. . . .

INSPECTOR Bryce could see just what had happened. It was, if you happened to be Sergeant Knowles, as plain as the nose on your face.

Somebody had poked a gun through the Cubby Hole window and fired two shots. The first had missed, smashing the window in the foyer. The second had got him.

"And without wishing to speak ill

of the dead," added the somewhat philosophical inspector, "I'm only surprised he didn't stop one long ago. The things I've heard about Mr. Steven Branch! There's plenty of people who'll think this a much better world now that he's out of it."

"Including——?" the sergeant prompted.

"Ah!" said the inspector. "That's

what we've got to find out. You say there are no footprints outside the window of that little room there?"

"What can you expect on a night like this? Ten seconds of this rain'd pound any footprint out of existence. Thinking—?"

"What I'm thinking is this," the inspector replied. "Her footprints here show that she came no farther than the desk. He was shot from the direction of that little room, and the absence of powder burns means he was shot from a distance. And she doesn't seem to have been over there at all. Anyway—not then."

The sergeant twisted his brow into rows of crazy lines and stared at his superior.

"I mean," the inspector went on, "suppose she comes in—after wiping her shoes carefully on the mat outside—comes in here, gets the gun, steps over into that little room—or as far as the door—shoots him, crawls out the window of the little room, drops the gun, walks around the gravel path to the front door, comes in again, this time without wiping her shoes off, walks to the desk, leaving footprints to show that's as far as she did go, 'finds' the body and telephones us?"

"Yeah. . . ." said the sergeant. "Takes a little figuring. For her, I mean."

"The point is," the inspector reminded him, "has anybody else been here?"

"That's what we got to find out."

"That we will."

"Yeah. . . ."

"There's this Gloria Stimson he's been playing around with. It's an open secret. Everybody knows about her, so his wife must, too. She's supposed to be in Palm Beach and we find her here. Does that mean anything?"

"She can come home whenever she likes."

"Right. But where's her luggage?"

"Left it at the station?"

"If you like. But there isn't even a handbag. Looks like she never meant to stay. Home, mind you—and all the way from Florida. All right—what did she come for then?"

"H'm," the sergeant offered.

"Well, we've got to have something to start on."

"She phoned us, you know," the sergeant reminded him. "And suggested murder. If she had the place all to herself, why didn't she clean the gun, stick it in his hand and make it look like suicide?"

The inspector picked up a blue slip from Steven Branch's desk. "Here's a check for ten thousand dollars. He was in the prime of life, prosperous, leading just the sort of life he wanted to lead. If he'd been broke, I wouldn't say. But this check's dated yesterday. How are you going to make it look like suicide?"

"She could have destroyed the check."

"But not the transaction, whatever it was. That would have come to light in a couple of days at least."

"Do women think of such things?"

"Do we know that this one didn't?"

"You're assuming. . . ."

"I'm assuming nothing. But she's the only one at hand so far. Where did you put her?"

"Dining room."

"Well, come on. Let's see what else she's got to say for herself."

To the statement she had already volunteered Muriel Branch was apparently prepared to add whatever details they required. She had, she said, planned to stay in Palm Beach until the end of the month, but she had suddenly decided to come home two days ago.

"Was there any particular reason for your change of plans, Mrs. Branch?" the inspector asked.

Without moving her eyes from his, and without a moment's hesitation she replied, "Yes. Rumors had reached me about my husband and another woman. Under the circumstances letters were out of the question. And time might have been important. I came home at once to face him with it."

"Without your luggage?"

"I left that at the station, in case I shouldn't be staying here."

"Which you thought likely?"

"Which I thought likely."

"I see. You got out of the taxi and came right in here?"

"Yes."

"Was your husband surprised to see you?"

She didn't answer. She sat looking at him, still without confusion. But she didn't answer.

"Why," thought the inspector, "doesn't she say 'I found him dead' quickly? Does she want me to arrest her?"

"I have already explained," she said at last, "he was dead when I came in."

"Oh, was he!" thought the inspector. "H'm . . ." he murmured aloud. "Was there any sign of anybody else around the house when you came in?"

"No," she answered quickly.



"... Six feet nine inches tall. Weight 327 . . . knife and bullet wounds on face. If you see this man, pull yourself together and notify headquarters at once!"

"Nor outside, when you left the taxi?"

"No."

"Do you know of anyone who might have had a reason to kill your husband?"

"No."

No, every time . . .

"(Damn it!" thought the inspector. "Does she want me to arrest her?")

"Do you recognize the gun?" he asked.

"Yes. It's my husband's."

"You're certain?"

"Positive."

"So that whoever shot him had to come into the house and go to the desk to get the gun."

"That's what it looks like."

"Yes . . . The two servants are out?"

"Evans and Mrs. Evans? Yes, always on Tuesdays."

"You knew they would be out, when you came?"

"Oh, yes."

"Thank you."

The doctor came. A man with a camera came. And with one thing and another it was past midnight before the detectives had a minute to compare notes.

"What I don't understand," said the inspector, "is why she's trying to stick her neck out. May be fed up with life now that he's gone. Ought to be tickled to death after what she knew, but you never can tell with women. Honestly, I think she'd be glad if I arrested her."

Twelve hours later he did.

NEARLY nine weeks afterward, Evans sat in his little kitchen over an early edition of the evening paper, a cup of steaming tea at his elbow.

"Read it out loud," said Mrs. Evans.

Evans read it aloud.

"Evidence," Mr. Cronin continued, "we must have. It has been said in this court that motive and opportunity have been proved. Ladies and gentlemen, I submit that this is not sufficient. The defendant may have wanted to kill her husband. She may have had the chance to kill him. But the question you must answer is: *Did she kill him?*

"An unpopular ruler may be shot in the streets of his capital, with five hundred angry subjects around him, all within shooting distance. Each has the motive; each has the opportunity. But to know that is not to know enough. Evidence—proof—is required before the right man can be picked from the five hundred. I hope this illustration makes my point clear.

"The half-hearted theory, for which the prosecution itself shows little enthusiasm, that the defendant climbed out of the window, walked along the gravel path, reentered the house—this time

taking care to leave footprints only as far as the desk—and pretended to find the body—this half-hearted theory, I say, is fantastic. There were, as you know, no footprints on that gravel path. In such a downpour there couldn't be. But—there was gravel on that gravel path—yellow gravel—and the defendant brought no gravel into the house that night. Her footprints were there in the room, but they were free of anything like gravel. She walked only from the taxi.

"Where, then, is the evidence we seek? Evidence we must have, circumstantial though it may be—but evidence. Where is the evidence here? I admit there is none to show that the defendant ever stood in that part of the room from which the fatal shot was fired. You do not know. There is no evidence."

Evans looked up and coughed.

"There's a piece here at the end," he said, and read on, "The case is expected to reach the jury late this afternoon."

He glanced at the clock.

"Six o'clock."

"Maybe the radio . . ." whispered Mrs. Evans. "Don't the news come on at six?"

Evans got up, crossed to his primitive set and switched it on. Then he and his wife stood breathless, waiting.

. . . no further reports, except that the fighting is still going on and will probably continue through the night. And that's all the European news at this time. Now for local news. A remarkable demonstration was witnessed at the Criminal Court Building this afternoon at the close of the trial of Mrs. Steven Branch, charged with the murder of her husband. As the jury, after their very first ballot, brought in their verdict of Not Guilty. . . .

"Thank God!" murmured Evans, and hurried to get a glass of water for his wife.

FOR two weeks, in the country, Muriel hid from eyes and tongues and cameras. Everybody thought that the house would be sold; that she would go away for good. But at the end of the two weeks the house that had been her home and Steven's was opened up again and she came back. It was a Wednesday, early in the evening, and both Evans and Mrs. Evans were at the door to welcome her. She was home and, by the Evanses, wanted.

She dined alone and told Evans she would take coffee in the living room. At this Evans' usually discreet eyes opened wide.

"I will turn on the lights, madam," he said.

Presently she went into the living room. Evans stood at the door, the lights all lit.

"Thank you, Evans," she said.

He was still at the door.

It seemed much the same, though strangely far away; not so much a room she was in as a picture she was looking at. The door to the Cubby

Hole was closed, the desk was in the same place. There was no blue check on the desk now. She wondered where it had gone, and promptly forgot about it. She found herself looking for footprints, but they too were gone. Facing the fireplace was an easy chair, with a small stand, richly carved, by its side. She sat down. Evans was still standing in the doorway.

"What is it, Evans?" she asked.

"Well, madam—"

HE was looking at the painting over the fireplace. She turned and looked up, too, then back at Evans. His discreet eyes were again open wide. Something about the painting was puzzling him.

"That—that's very strange, madam."

"Strange, Evans?"

"The picture, madam—over the fireplace. It—it's slightly off center. I don't remember noticing it before. I hung the picture there myself when we moved to this house two years ago. I feel positive—"

"You're right, Evans. The picture is off center. It's been moved."

"Moved, madam? But who—?"

"Get the step-ladder, Evans."

"Yes, madam."

Evans wondered his way out of the room to the kitchen, and wondered his way back with the step-ladder. Mrs. Branch had moved away from the fireplace, gone to sit by the desk.

"The—step-ladder, madam."

"Yes. Take the picture down, Evans."

"Very good, madam."

Funny business, and getting funnier. Why was she so quiet? Pale, too. Very queer. Could it have anything to do with . . .

Evans climbed up the ladder and lifted the painting off the hook.

"And now what, Evans?" Mrs.

Branch asked.

"It's very strange, madam, I must say. There are two holes here. The hook has been moved to a new hole and the picture raised higher. I'm sure I haven't done it. Nor Mrs. Evans, madam. I cannot understand. . . . There's been no one else here—except the police, and they—"

"It's not really very puzzling, Evans," she interrupted. "That's the hole made by the first bullet."

"The—first. . . ."

"I'm afraid I'm not much good with firearms. The first shot went very wide."

Evans' mouth fell open. He had to put out his hand to keep his balance.

"You, madam?"

"Yes, Evans. You can put the picture back. And you may as well move the hook to its original position. You see—it doesn't matter now."

Evans, his mind numb, obeyed orders, then stepped down to the floor and waited.

"You can take the ladder away," said Muriel. "Then come back. Before—before you tell your wife."

Still mechanically, Evans followed orders. Soon he was back, looking very self-conscious.

"You will understand, Evans," she said, "why I had to hide that. If they had found the bullet hole they would have known at once that he was shot from here, where my footprints were. So I moved the picture and . . . turned him around, and they believed it."

"You could have—gone away, madam," suggested Evans.

"No, Evans. That would have done no good. I had only one hope."

"Yes, madam?"

"To be arrested and tried."

This was beyond Evans.

"I made a flat denial, but offered no defense," Muriel went on. "They arrested me because of my husband's gun, because of my knowledge of his life with other women, because of my motive, because of my presence here, because of a dozen things. They didn't arrest me because of the bullet hole—and that was my only chance. To be arrested and tried before anybody discovered that bullet hole. To be arrested and tried . . . and acquitted. Acquitted, Evans."

"Yes, madam."

"You see?"

"I—well . . ."

"THEY had theories; they had no real evidence. That bullet hole is evidence. It's proof. And sooner or later—perhaps sooner—it was bound to be discovered. By whoever bought or rented the house. By whoever cleaned the wall or the picture. If I had put them off with a story of a strange man lurking around the house, or of make-believe threats my husband was supposed to have received—if I had delayed them in any way, that hole might have been found before my arrest. And so, I put no obstacles in their way. They took me. There was no one else to take. And the verdict was Not Guilty."

"Yes, madam."

"And by the law of the land nobody can be tried twice for the same crime. You knew that, Evans?"

"Yes, madam."

"Not Guilty—and always now it'll remain Not Guilty. Nothing can ever change that."

"No, madam."

She looked at him. "The bullet hole does not matter now."

"No, madam."

"You have been with us, with my family, a long time, Evans—you and Mrs. Evans. I don't know if this is going to change things—what you will care to do about it. . . ."

Evans, close to the door, shuffled, glanced at his mistress, rubbed his hands nervously, looked away, opened the door and, without a word, went out.

She sat there a moment, then rose; smiled, sighed, stared at something a thousand miles away behind the wall, reached into the cigarette box on the table, took out a cigarette and lit it.

Three minutes later Evans was back, carrying a tray.

"Your coffee, madam."

"Thank you, Evans."



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Home For Christmas

(Continued from page 11)

the costume for which Gil had bought the hat. The grey fur matched her eyes and her dark, brushed-back hair shone in the fire-light.

"If I weren't so comfortable," Gil offered, "I'd say it was time for bed."

"If I weren't so public-spirited," said Betty serenely, "I'd say let's keep Miss Bowen up longer. But for the sake of the Metropolitan she must go. Not to speak of my own sake," she added. "I love her voice, I glue myself to the radio when she's on." She regarded Alexis with eyes of genuine liking. "We must not let her overdo."

Alexis felt intensely surprised. No one but Gil had ever been affectionate toward her before, nor tried to protect her voice—apart from teachers and specialists who did so for money. But Betty was tender, disinterested. It made one feel—well, lonely; and yet it was delicious, too. She couldn't be very well, she thought. She went to bed and in the morning there was this same feeling again, and in broad daylight. Was it merely that it was Christmas Eve, with everyone being so gay and so mysterious about packages? And Gil and Frank, like old bosom friends, going off together after lunch to investigate a tunnel, leaving Betty and herself buried in silver paper and blue ribbon, wrapping gifts in the garden. The sun rode a turquoise sky, roses poured out their perfume, birds sang, a soft breeze lifted her hair. And, she thought, away off in Manhattan were people in subways, making sour faces. Unbelievable!

Betty was dialing the portable radio. "Nothing but screeches," she said, mourning. "That means no carols tonight. It won't seem like Christmas without them. That static!" She glowered. "Must be having storms in California," she said. In Arizona you blame everything on California.

She turned from her shattered hopes to peer up the road. "Now, who's that coming," she said in some excitement. You never expected anything to come down the slant of the hill from the outer world; the truck, maybe, bringing supplies, but never anyone who looked like a caller. Callers, like high F-sharps, were in another planet. This late afternoon, however, a palomina came stepping delicately and proudly downhill, bearing a rider, a tall young boy in a five-gallon hat. "Why, it's Lawton Channing!" she exclaimed. "They're spending Christmas at their ranch. I thought they were late this year, weren't arriving until morning. I wonder," she said, "if Aunt Clara is there, too. She's been ailing."

They watched him approach. "It can't be any relation to the Mrs. Channing?" Alexis asked idly. Her Mrs. Channing was a patron of the

arts, a prominent boxholder at the Metropolitan. Alexis had sung at her house, once, before most of the Social Register and some people who really knew music.

"Yes, Lawton is her grandson. Do you know Madame Valburg?"

"Is that his Aunt Clara?" asked Alexis, wide-eyed. Madame Clara Valburg was the queen-mother of opera; the idol of all aspiring singers; their ideal of absolute perfection in music. She *couldn't* be here, at the next ranch! She was someone not to meet in the flesh but only to worship from afar.

"She's not really his aunt," Betty said, rising to greet him as he swung off his horse, dropping his reins to the ground. "No relation. But everyone calls her Aunt Clara. She's a great friend of the dowager, and she makes it a custom to spend Christmas here at the ranch. It's been her escape for years. We all adore her, she's the apple of Frank's eye." She went down the steps, calling out to the boy.

So they were intimate with Valburg, reflected Alexis in some astonishment; and adored her. But that was natural, that they should. The whole world paid tribute to her, not only as a musician but as a great woman. Everyone knew the Valburg legends, for she was a stirring personality. In the first World War she had been forced to make a choice between her own country and America. She had given up her Fatherland because she couldn't extenuate what it had done. One of her sons fought for Germany, the other had died fighting for the United States. And she had taken the entire American army to her heart. She said she had no sons of her own any more, so now the doughboys were her sons. It had almost broken her, but not quite, for she was lion-hearted. Wherever there were soldiers, she sang—in barracks, fields, encampments, on no occasion saving herself or her voice. The American Legion looked upon her as its mascot. And after the war she had gone on singing for them in Veterans Hospitals, to the crippled, the gassed, the shell-shocked, never forgetting her boys when almost everyone else, it seemed, had forgotten. She was wonderful, always gay, bounteous.

Betty brought her caller up, going through introductions. And he acknowledged them with a mild look of surprise on his uniformly tanned face. "I've heard you on the radio," he said to Alexis, "enjoyed it a lot."

"Thank you. I'm so glad you did." He sat down. "Quite a musical center April-Fool Cañon turns out to be," he grinned. "Everyone here but Toscanini." He lighted Betty's cigarette, then his own. "Aunt Clara will want you to come over," he said to Alexis. "She talked about the other day at lunch."

"About me?" said Alexis, and a stirring warmth flowed through her. She was talking too much, she reflected, but then, this was an occasion.

"She thinks you're a genius." There was a look of respect in his eyes. "She says the opera hasn't had a super Carmen in seasons, and that you are it. She tells me your debut will be the event of the year."

Alexis put both feet down on the grass. She laid a bolt of ribbon carefully on the table. "She didn't say that," she exclaimed. She took a long breath, her eyes on him. "Did she . . . really?"

"Yeah. She's your great admirer." And Alexis was beyond speech. Why, to have Valburg's approval was the ultimate—it was the accolade! Betty must have known what it meant to her, for she smiled at her proudly, as if Alexis were her child and she a doting parent.

"How is Aunt Clara, Lawton? She's getting pretty old," Betty said. "Not at her best today." He frowned.

"Not another attack?" Betty said quickly.

It appeared that it was another attack—but nothing, he put in at once, to get steamed up about. They'd got in a doctor and nurses from Phoenix and these professionals had everything under control. No reason for alarm. His family would arrive in the early morning. The only thing was, Fräulein wasn't there, and he thought Aunt Clara missed her life-long buddy; she was the only one she could speak German with, the one who knew music and all that. She always got Aunt Clara through these attacks, nursing her and talking about old times and so on, cheering her on.

Betty pursed her lips. "Let me get this straight," she said. "Are you sure it isn't serious this time? She can't go on recovering from these attacks indefinitely. And to have one at Christmas when she loves Christmas so! What a bad break!" She looked him over. "Did the doctor, did anyone send you for me?" she pursued. Whenever there was trouble in the cañon, Betty was the one people turned to.

"No. Definitely not."

"I know," Betty said. "She probably is all right by now; nevertheless," she said, "I'd like to see for myself. How about my going back to dinner with you, Lawton?"

He said that would be swell. If she could send his horse back by someone, he would ride back in the car with her. He glanced at Alexis. "I don't suppose you would care to come along?" he suggested, a little bashfully. "She's nuts about musical people, naturally."

Alexis felt like a child going to a party; she hadn't felt like a child for years, if ever. She tried to show her-

self very calm. She pictured Valburg resplendent with honors and decorations, as one saw her in photographs, receiving her visitors like royalty. Like an old queen. She could *see* it—she seemed to have eyes of a seer. She felt again the wonder, the magic, the awe which used to flood her as a girl when she heard the great diva sing. "I'll be quiet as a mouse," she said, "until we find out how she is." She had made up her mind that she would in no circumstances be persuaded to encroach upon Valburg's privacy unless callers were patently welcome and unharmed. And she must remember not to talk, not to hurt her throat. Just listen. She wouldn't be of any use if Valburg was really ill. In her own superb health she knew nothing about illness. She had never seen a really ill person. She could think of no one who would be more useless in a sick-room. Illness was Betty's forte. But it was impossible to believe that the imperishable Valburg could be dangerously stricken. No. Valburg would always be well, dispensing beauty, pouring out beneficence like a great natural force, like the sun. . . . But the ride proved to be long and lonely, it was dark, and she began to have fears. Suppose Valburg wasn't better, was gravely ill, was. . . ? She shivered.

A nurse met them in the hall, looking grave. Madame had grown weaker. . . . She was under opiate now, temporarily out of pain. . . . she didn't know. . . . she really couldn't say. . . . she would have the doctor talk to them. They went into the living-room without speaking.

"This is horrible," Alexis thought, "it's terrible. Why did I come? Why?" This was no place for her, she could do nothing, she longed for Gil to appear, all she wanted to do was flee. That Channing! That idiot boy! What did he mean, bringing in strangers? How could he fail to know how very ill was Valburg? She crouched in a chair, listening to the whispering and the hushed footsteps, listening in horror to the doctor, watching Betty leave the room with him. It wasn't as if there were anything she could do! If anyone were to say, "The patient needs you, Miss Bowen. . . . we need you—" that would be something. She could feel different then; now she felt merely in-the-way, horrified, sad. It wasn't as if she were Betty, who knew what to do, could do it. . . . She kept her eyes down, tracing a pattern on the rug. There was a stir at the door—that would be Betty back from her bedroom. Alexis glanced swiftly toward her.

"She wants to see you," Betty was saying.

"Wants to see me—" that was stupid, echoing, but. . . . She looked at everyone. The nurse stood waiting. She followed starched skirts to a half-open door. It was so dim and quiet in there; and she couldn't look at the bed. The nurse motioned and Alexis moved slowly forward. In the car she had selected the words of her

Here is more than a Circus Parade

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greeting, going over them with care. But not a thing had she to say now. She laid her hand on the old one on the coverlet. Intensely blue eyes smiled up and a strongly accented voice whispered, "The Bowenska! How enchanted I am—how good this is—" and the hand stirred, meeting hers, palm to palm. "Sit down by me, Bowenska," the voice said. "Let me look at you. You are very pretty, I think."

There was a wicker chair by the bed and Alexis sank into it. In the half-light the fine, iron-grey head propped up against pillows looked like that of an heroic statue, imposing, indomitable. "I am a little tired," Valburg said, "so we do not talk, *nicht wahr?* Just sit by old Valburg. We gossip another time." She accepted Alexis simply, she who was simple in her greatness. Here at her side was a confrere, a comrade in music who knew music's ways. It was good, *gemütlich*. She closed her eyes.

VALBURG was so alone, she who had lived so fully, who had had so abundant an appreciation of life, such joy in food and drink, in bodies, in health and strength and giving. Gone were her husband, her sons, her lovers, gone the ardors and the griefs, the humming bird joys and the long, slow sorrows, the small things with the great...

But it wasn't fair, Alexis thought, to gaze at someone asleep and have reflections about him, like turning him inside out. She looked up again. There was a lamp burning on the table, and over it a motto:

*"That I spent I had
That I gave I kept
That I kept I lost."*

Immediately her gaze retreated once more, for again she felt that she had been peering through a key-hole into another's private chamber. "That I spent I had, that I kept I lost." It was, she saw, a declaration of faith, the principle by which Valburg lived.

It was curious, and no one could have been more surprised than herself, but Alexis wanted to think that over, and she had plenty of time to think. The precept was something like the Golden Rule.

She dwelt on the thought for a moment with a kind of radiance. The glow vanished, and she was herself again. She was uncomfortable. She wanted to leave the dim room, the atmosphere of illness which was giving her such ideas. You weren't yourself, it seemed, when with persons who were gravely ill. She wanted to be where there were lights, healthy people, where normal weather prevailed.

It was as if she had communicated uneasiness to the patient who grew restless and began to talk incoherently. "Hans! Gretchen!" Valburg cried out. The nurse tried to soothe her. "She gets these spells," she whispered. "Seems to think she's back home in Germany. Perhaps you had better leave now for a little

while. And thanks a lot. You've helped." Alexis tiptoed out.

"Is her mind wandering?" asked Betty, low. "I thought I heard her cry—"

"Yes." She refused sandwiches, drank a cup of coffee in silence. The curtains had not been drawn across the windows and the night looked in; she stared back at it, unwinking. She hadn't thought, actually, about Valburg's being a *German*, until the nurse's words. She hated Germans, hated them. Now, to the mixture of the day's emotions was added this one. She must face it. She walked to the window, leaving her cup rattling in its saucer. There was the sound of horse's hoofs, and Vic went by, heading for the corral with Lawton's horse. Betty looked at Alexis thoughtfully and went to the bedroom where she listened at the door.

"It's awful," she told Lawton, creeping back. "She thinks she's a child in Munich. She keeps asking for carols. Wouldn't you think that doctor could do something? What's he good for?" Alexis retreated into herself, letting matters take their course. Lawton groaned. "What a sap I am—I've got nothing for the phonograph but swing records. And not a darned soul in this dump can sing a note." Suddenly he looked at Alexis. "Why—" he began, but Betty wheeled on him furiously.

"Sh-h!" she said sharply. What had he done now, his look asked. "Excuse me for living," he muttered to himself. She pointed to her own throat. "She can't sing," she explained under her breath, tapping her throat. "Strained! She can't even talk without risk. The doctor wrote us it would mean her whole career."

His mouth formed a soundless whistle. Once more he had almost put his clumsy foot in it, darn it all!

Betty said aloud, "I smell something burning." It developed that it was his cigarette and that it had burned a hole in the table.

ALEXIS, turning a deaf ear to all this commotion, went on thinking, went on looking inside herself. She found that she, a Pole, did not hate Valburg. On the contrary, she loved her; loved all Valburg had been, and done, and was.

The doctor came in. "Isn't there anything to do?" asked Betty. "She's so—" He sat down, calm behind his glasses. "Her symptoms are characteristic of her condition," he said. "Don't let them alarm you unduly. I hope and believe we can pull her through." He cleared his throat fuzzily. "This restlessness," he admitted after a moment, "is harmful. If we could allay it—" He threw out his hands in a symbolic gesture.

"Can't you cope with that?" Alexis turned around, her voice registering as much disapproval as she could muster at the moment, which was plenty. He regarded her. "Quite frankly, no. As I say, if we could relieve her mind, could deal with this—this—" apparently he sought

a medical term, failed, reverted to English, "this injurious homesickness and its accompanying ill-effects, we might notice a change for the better. In her case this psychological factor is, to my mind, the determining one. But, unfortunately, it is outside the medical man's province." He took off his glasses and polished them. "For some reason, Miss Bowen," he said, "you seem to be the only one here who has a sedative effect on her."

THE sedative Miss Bowen gave him a dark look and went back to Valburg. "Doctor!" This one lolled on the couch, as much as saying that his patient would live, were her mind at peace—and let it go at that! Dr. Farr read her thoughts unperturbed. Patients' relatives and friends were all alike, demanding miracles; his mind had developed a habit of getting out of their way, like a dog running under the table.

The change the past hour had wrought in Valburg shocked Alexis. Dreadful how she went on about that old German carol, "Low in the manger humbly lying, see the Child who, sin defying—!" Alexis knelt by the bed. "Madame," she entreated, "Madame." The weary voice murmured, "In the major scale." Alexis caught the groping hand and rested her cheek against it. Time passed. She stared into space; she knew it was not physical illness which was defeating Valburg. She knew so many things she had never known. Gone was that enchanted unconsciousness of others' needs in which she had walked through her life. She was a somnambulist who had waked. She had been indulging herself in self-pity because she'd grown up in poverty, been born an alien. But here was Valburg truly an alien; loving her own country, yet shamed and horrified by its befooled people who had run amok. She, Alexis, could be proud of her homeland; she belonged to something superior. Everything was lost to Valburg. She was a stranger in a new world and her soul longed for the Munich of the olden time, for a city which once had been merry and beautiful and free. She thirsted for the sights and sounds of her own land, for that kind and sweet and ample-minded Germany which she held in her heart as a good child holds a bird. And that was gone, forever gone. For that Germany was an idea which had been destroyed, and ideas have no resurrection.

Alexis lifted Valburg's hand, kissed its palm and laid it back on the coverlet. She walked to the foot of the bed; stood, her fingers curling on the footboard. She looked out the window. A breath of wind was stirring, and the stars continued to be splendid. In the dim light her hair looked blacker than the night but her eyes were soft and shining. She stood, pale and serious, a slender woman with gleaming hair. She opened her lips and the golden voice began, "Low in the manger humbly lying—"

In the other room Betty came to her feet, staring. "It's Miss Bowen!" she cried. "Singing! She must not—somebody stop her—"

"Stop her?" the doctor was aghast. "Why should we stop her?" He knew nothing about the state of Alexis' vocal cords and Betty horrified him. "She may save Madame's life," he said flatly. "I don't know what else will."

And he felt outraged when Betty, the back of her hand pressed against her mouth, said slowly, "I could cry my heart out."

Lawton had heard Frank's car and had cut across by the trail to meet it. He stood on the running-board, telling them about the sick woman, bewailing the failure of the radio. "And all she wants is a few carols," he was saying. "Just a few—" and came to a dead stop, for over the flat came the voice. "My God, it's Alexis!" Gil cried, then sat perfectly still. Frank gave him a swift look. "Hop in, Lawton," he said, shifting into gear. "We can make the house in three minutes," he told Gil, "and," he added slowly, "you can stop her—if you must." Gil tried to speak and could not; tried again. "In three minutes," he said, "the Metropolitan curtain may ring down. On the last act." Lawton and Frank found nothing to say.

"Low in the manger—" sang Alexis. The nurse's eyes and her own concentrated on the patient, who did not hear. Alexis went into the second stanza, the third. As if faintly conscious of something, the tossing head came to rest for a moment against the pillow. The carol came to an end and Valburg was quiescent. The room seemed to listen, to watch. Would she sleep now? There was a hush, then a sigh from the bed, and the muttering commenced again; the eyes opened, seeking, searching.

Alexis thought a minute, going over songs in her mind. She found one, Brahms' Lullaby. "Guten abend, gut nacht, mit roslein bedacht—" not quite sure of the words, it was so long since she had thought of them. But she went on, for it was clear that something was happening to the woman in the bed. "Schlaf nun selig und süss," like a mother hushing a child, comforting it, "schau im traum's paradis—" and a look of utter peace flooded Valburg's face.

The eyes of the two watchers met. A soft, silken sound came from Alexis' frock as she stirred, but she did not move away. Madame Bow-

enska went on, one singer to another. Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, giving utterance to the profuse beauty which the German soul, before it was crushed, had given to the world. She drifted into arias from Wagner's Ring, singing magnificently now, voice swerving astonishingly from the splendor of breaking waves to a lilt you could scarcely hear for its tenderness. The nurse listened, her lips parted. She could give herself up to the music, for a miracle had happened—Valburg was breathing tranquilly, the agitation had passed, the fever was going down almost before their very eyes; it was impossible that so short a while before she had been struggling desperately.

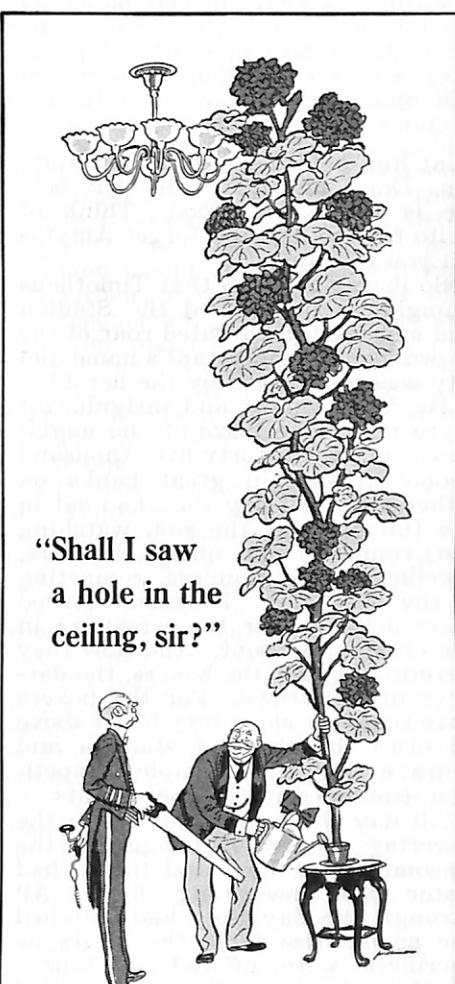
"Brightest and best of the suns of the morning," came the old prayer. "Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid—" Singing in a world so terrifyingly in need of aid, where darkness had fallen, where the very skies had gone down, and all one's dead certainties about material things had gone with them. Singing away heartsickness and homesickness. Singing in the great brotherhood of music which is above and beyond ideologies, above and beyond Maginot Lines and Siegfried Lines, bigger than war and destruction and that lust-for-power and the madness which is in the heart of man.

It was twelve o'clock now, the birthday of Him who had come to bring peace upon earth. "We are all brothers," the music proclaimed, triumphant and confident, a thing that those who heard would never forget. "We shall find the good things again. For He was not born in vain. They shall return to us—truth and the pledged word, love and decency and honor."

Her voice poured out beyond the shadows of the room, into the moonlight and up among the listening hills, carrying truths beyond her speech.

The car was before the door and had been for some time, but Gil made no move. Pride moved in him, pride in his woman, his wife. Pride and belief and confidence once more in the struggling, misguided, sad human race.

"Noel, Noel—" Alexis sang her recessional. A flutter of sounds like wings had come into her voice now, that voice which had held out so well. She heard it and smiled, and went into her marvelous high F-sharp. "Noel, Noel!" And then there was silence. Safe, secure, breathing normally. Valburg slept.



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a hole in the
ceiling, sir?"

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PAUL JONES —IT'S DRY

5 TIMES AS POPULAR AS IT WAS BEFORE



Not to the Strong

(Continued from page 23)

Beat him before you think of Amytos. Don't underestimate that boy. He is very, very good. Think of Crito for the day and forget Amytos till you face him."

So it was of Crito that Timotheus thought as he entered the Stadion and met the full-throated roar of the crowd as each contestant's name and city was proclaimed by the herald.

He felt dwarfed and insignificant there under the blaze of the merciless sun, with forty-five thousand people massed in great banks on either side. All day they had sat in the full blaze of the sun, watching the runners, the quoit throwers, javelin hurlers, jumpers, competing in the Penthalon. They had howled their delight over the wrestlers in the elimination bout. And now they were hungry for the boxers, the darlings of the crowd. For the boxers gave them the show they loved above all else; the show of stamina and courage that the Olympic competition demanded in the contestants.

All day the crowd had sat in the towering stands, suffering all the discomforts of heat and thirst, bad water and swarming flies. All through the day they had watched the smoke rise from the altars as sacrifices were offered to Zeus—avertor of flies. They had yelled themselves hoarse, their naked bodies streaming with perspiration, for as the day wore on and the heat intensified they had tossed aside their robes. The fact that no women were allowed at the Olympic games gave them full freedom from all restraint. Thus they could sit in the stands as naked as the contestants who appeared below them.

The majesty of the occasion almost overcame Timotheus. Like a somnambulist he walked into the Stadion, bearing the thongs in his hand. Like a man in a trance he took the Olympic oath, swearing to observe all rules and uphold the honor and glory of the great tradition of the sport.

NA dream he watched Drimachus lash the thongs about his knuckles, around wrists and arms. The hard, keen faces of the Spartan guards were like the faces of men carved in marble. Through the dream-like haze he heard Drimachus' voice, murmuring last words of counsel.

Then, suddenly, it was as if something snapped and he became alert and keen and eager as he faced the long-armed, lithe-limbed Crito and the roar of the crowd died to a hoarse murmur.

He fought in the rigid tradition. His head jerked a few inches to one side, and Crito's stabbing left grazed his ear. Crito had a very good left. He stabbed it with the speed and precision of a Spartan lance, shifting, dancing, feinting.

The fight was only minutes old

when Timotheus felt confidence flow through him. He would whip Crito. He would whip him because his own left was a trifle faster and his overhand right was better than Crito's.

Once Crito's right smashed down full to his jaw and he went back a few paces. He shook his head to clear the mists from his eyes and drove his left to Crito's mouth as he rushed in a trifle too eagerly.

It was the kind of a fight that would delight the heart of the old traditionist, Drimachus; a battle of left hands, straight and sharp and orthodox.

Yet it was a gruelling battle. The right side of his face was raw and bleeding from the rasp of Crito's leather-thonged knuckles. But the strength in his arms and legs was withstanding the toll of the blazing sun and it was that strength and endurance that would win this battle.

This battle was in the Hellenic tradition, a bitter battle in the open without rounds or rest periods. It would go on until punishment and exhaustion sapped the strength of one fighter and he dropped in weariness. There would be no quick knockout. Timotheus knew that. The Athenian was too wily and fast to be caught by a smashing blow.

SO TIMOTHEUS fought the fight that Drimachus had trained him to fight. It settled into a monotony of movement that was as precise as a ritual dance; sway and stab; dance back before the Athenian's left or jerk the head sideways to let the thongs graze his bleeding cheek. Then sway forward from the waist, left foot forward, right drawn back for the lunge, the right hand held poised, to help block punches, and strike should Crito's pace slacken sufficiently.

Timotheus sensed the end approaching. Crito's mouth was open now. He was fighting for his breath, gasping, panting. His foot-work was not so light and fast now. His left was weaker. Now he rarely tried to use the right. He was employing that in a futile attempt to block the stabbing left that had closed one eye and was rapidly closing the other. As he panted, blood ran down over his chin from his lips that had been gashed against his teeth.

Fresh strength flowed into Timotheus' arms and legs as he sensed the weariness in Crito. He came forward very fast, stabbed the left three times into Crito's face, then shot the right over, hard and true to Crito's jaw.

Crito went over backward and down and the roar of the crowd burst like the smash of surf over Timotheus' head. He came in to stand over Crito, who was trying to push himself up from the ground. While body blows were taboo, it was quite

within the rules to strike a man when he was down. For in boxing at the Greek games the fight ended only when the vanquished was insensible, or raised his hand to signify defeat.

Crito pushed at the ground with his hands, turned his head and gave Timotheus a ghastly, twisted grin. Timotheus held his right poised. But he did not strike. He knew the end when he saw it. Crito was through. There was not enough strength in Crito's legs to lift him to his feet again.

Timotheus' right remained poised. The grin on Crito's face became fixed and tortured as he lifted his right hand from the ground and held it up as a gesture of his admission of defeat.

The crowd was larger that night around the rubbing table as Diomed worked on Timotheus with his clever hands.

Drimachus was exulting. "Twenty minas I won from that Athenian. Ten minas I wagered and the Athenian gave me odds of two to one." He chuckled. "Now let me find a Corinthian who likes the chances of Gorgias since he whipped Melos of Sparta. I'll get even money only from the Corinthian. They know that you beat a good man when you downed Crito. There'll be no odds on the next fight."

But all his exultation had gone when he talked to Timotheus just before the fight with the Corinthian. "It will be Amytos next, lad. Remember that when you face the Corinthian. This Gorgias is not so fast as Crito was; not so fast nor so clever. So rush him, boy. Carry the fight to him and down him early. You'll need all your strength when you face Amytos."

He shook his head, his eyes serious. "You'll need your strength and the aid of the gods to beat Amytos. He downed Satalus of Macedonia without raising a sweat. He is as good as when I saw him here four years ago."

TIMOTHEUS remembered that when he faced the bulky Corinthian. He remembered it and put extra speed into his stabbing lefts. He began to believe that the gods fought on his side. For early in the fight, the thongs on his left hand found some old scar tissue over Gorgias' eyes and ripped it open. For a few moments the Corinthian fought with the blood streaming down into his eyes; staggering blindly before the smashing fists of Timotheus before he went down with his right hand upraised.

On the third night, Timotheus lay on the rubbing table under Diomed's hands, his eyes closed. He had passed through the preliminary bouts and tomorrow there would be Amytos to face before the packed stands. But

now he pushed that thought away from him and let muscles and nerves relax and rest.

There was more hopefulness than jubilation in Drimachus' voice as he said, "Now for that Athenian with his talents to wager. Amytos is favored three to one to win his third Olympic crown."

As his hands worked over Timotheus' muscles, Diomed murmured, "That blow you used on the bag, young master, I like that blow."

Drimachus bellowed as he buffeted Diomed across the ear with a hairy hand. "By Zeus, slave, I'll have you whipped if you talk such treason! Do you want us disgraced? Do you want us thrown out of the Stadion?"

Diomed's words stayed with Timotheus as he prepared for his meeting with the great Amytos. There was a memory in his arm; a memory of the jar that ran along his wrist when he had struck that hooking smash into the sandbag.

The fourth day was, if possible, hotter than those which had preceded it. The throng, bare-headed under the blaze of the sun—for by rigid rule no head covering was allowed at Olympia—had worked themselves into a frenzy. This was the day, the culminating day of the great games; the day on which the champions would emerge, to parade tomorrow for the laurel wreaths and the banquets and processions in their honor.

Today was the day when they would watch human endurance and courage taxed to its limit as the remaining contestants strained nerve and sinew toward an end that could carry them to glory and honor and high position in their home cities.

Bellerophon came to Timotheus in the morning and they talked, their voices a little hushed. So much depended upon this day. A slip of the foot; a careless dropping of the guard; a split-second flaw in timing would spell the difference between defeat and a victory that would see Timotheus returning to a Naxos that would proclaim a holiday and turn out to the last child and slave to do him homage.

Let Timotheus win and he would return to Naxos where no honor could be too great; nothing that he might demand denied him.

Looking ahead, Timotheus could feel the weight of the responsibility upon his shoulders. The fortunes of so many others were bound up with his. Cleis' face was before him. He could see the promise on her lips, the entreaty in her dark eyes.

He could see his father, no longer as a mere free merchant, but as the sire of an Olympic champion, honored and acclaimed in his island city. There was Drimachus, his teacher, a made man, should he return with the honor of having made of his pupil an Olympic champion. And there was Bellerophon.

He could feel his friend's tension as he sat beside him. He knew Bellerophon's dream that he should with his own hands and vision exalt the marble of Naxos and make it come to life and glow in the beauty of living flesh. With Timotheus a champion there would be a clamor for statues of him to proclaim the city's pride in its son. And in Bellerophon's dream his statue of the champion would outshine all others.

Timotheus carried the weight of that responsibility into the Stadion with him under the merciless sun to face the hairy-chested Amytos. Then, as he raised his thong-strapped hands, it fell from him like a cloak and he was eager and alert and strong.

This Amytos he faced was not the laughter-roaring showman of the Palaestra. This was Amytos, the champion, mighty, crafty, old in the tricks and tradition of the sport; a scowling giant, his beard jutting prowlike and threatening from his heavy jaws; his little eyes blazing with the lust of battle as he shuffled in the dust and worked his arms, loosening shoulder muscles to throw the killing punches for which he was renowned. This was the Amytos who twice before had faced this crowded Stadion, battering into defeat all who contested him. This was the Amytos who had been twice-crowned with the highest honors that the world of sport could bestow.

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Timotheus jabbed with his left and felt the thongs slide harmlessly off the heavy beard as Amytos twisted his head. He danced and struck again, this time to the point of the heavy jaw, and felt as though he were hitting something carved out of oak.

Amytos was no dancer like Crito; neither was he heavy-footed like the Corinthian. He moved with a sliding shuffle that was fast and deceptive. He was Amytos the veteran, but the years had not yet slowed his legs or taken the edge from his timing and precision.

Fighting him, Timotheus had the feeling he was fighting a god; a god who made no mistakes, who knew each move before his opponent made it; who fought on with an errorless efficiency that knew exactly which move to make at a given shift of the battle.

Once, when he missed with a left, Timotheus saw the man behind the god; saw him leap and smash with the right at the opening he saw. Swaying away from the fist, Timotheus felt the devastating power in those heavy arms and tremendous shoulders.

TIMOTHEUS had fought slingers before. But they had been nothing more than slingers—slow, heavy men who tried to hammer him down with brute strength. Fighting such men had been easy. The whole tradition and form of Greek boxing was against such fighters; entirely on the side of the polished stylist, the boxer who fenced with his fists, who was like a rapier against a bludgeon, stabbing and slicing the slugger to ribbons with pure grace and skill.

This Amytos was something else again. He could hit with the force of a bludgeon. He had, also, the grace of the rapier without its lightness. He was the straight sword, driving and terrible.

Knowing this, Timotheus was the more alert. He kept circling the champion, stabbing, stabbing, stabbing, never allowing the bearded giant to come to close quarters; not attempting to use his right. For, once when he had tried it, he had felt the driving smash of the terrible left, jarring his head back on his shoulders, forcing him to dance away, giving ground while the hoarse roar of the crowd mounted in booming billows of sound.

He lost all track of time there under the blazing sun. The afternoon became an eternity of tense shifting, dancing alertness; an eternity of action in which not for a single instant could he relax his vigilance.

As he fought, he sensed something in the older man. It was as though he could feel Amytos waiting, waiting for the opportunity that must come; the moment in which he would shuffle in and strike and end the fight.

He could not remember afterward exactly how it happened. He knew, of course, by that time, that his legs were growing weary. He had called

upon them as Amytos had not been forced to call upon his. He, Timotheus, had drawn the never-ending circle around and around the shuffling giant who had only to keep turning slowly to keep him dancing. Trying to remember long afterwards, he could put it down only to his tiring legs.

He had struck two stabbing lefts to Amytos' face, when the champion's left caught him flush on the jaw. He went back. The smashing right was like a hurled club that jarred him to his heels.

He felt himself going backward to the ground, his ears filled with a thunderous roaring that was not the voice of the crowd.

Dimly he saw Amytos rushing in, his right hand drawn back. He did the only thing he could do. Throwing himself flat, he whirled his body over and over. He ended the whirl on one elbow, measuring Amytos' rush. He pulled his knee up under him and hurled himself forward, to Amytos' left.

The right of the champion grazed his shoulder as he passed him. He could hear Amytos breathing in great, roaring gasps as he twisted himself about to strike again.

Timotheus' legs felt rubbery beneath him. Desperation lashed them to do his bidding as he danced away. But, even as he danced, he knew this was the end. They would not hold him up much longer.

There was a new Amytos before him now. He was no longer the fighting god. He was the wild beast at the kill, raging, smashing, driving in relentless attack that was the climax of the fight.

THE voice of the crowd was a high-pitched, hysterical howl. Without looking, Timotheus knew they were on their feet, yelling the ageless chant of the crowd for the kill.

It was then as if he could almost hear Diomed's voice in his ears; his patient, gentle voice saying, "The young master has something in that blow. It could be delivered to the head. It has its points."

With the memory of those words he felt again the jar in wrist and arm that he had felt when he hooked that blow to the sandbag.

Tradition and orthodoxy had done for him all they would this day. He knew that. Amytos was a past master in that tradition and orthodoxy. No living boxer could stand up and trade straight smashes with the giant. Anything that would beat Amytos now would have to be unorthodox.

He crouched a little, swaying and weaving, slipping under Amytos' blows, shuffling away from them. He was sizing up the champion now in desperation, seeing things as he had never seen them before.

He watched the terrible right raise and lift for another blow. He knew just how it would be delivered; how it would come. He shifted on his feet and stepped in, his heels flat on the packed earth. He ducked under the

right, then came up, his right arm bent, wrist twisting as he struck. He drove it home as he had driven it into the sandbag when Drimachus had not been watching, flush to the point of Amytos' jaw. He could feel the punch start in the muscles of his loins and waist, travel up over his shoulder and along his arm to his wrist. He gave the wrist a sharp twist as the fist landed and he could feel the jar of it all along his arm.

He swayed back and his lips stretched across his teeth in a mirthless grin. The blow had shaken Amytos. His mouth sagged open, a gaping hole in the darkness of his beard. His eyes had rolled. His heavy arms were sagging, his knees bent as he rocked drunkenly.

Timotheus swayed again lightly, this time to the right as he hooked the left. With that second blow, Amytos' rocking was definite and uncontrolled. His heavy arms were dropping. There was a dazed, shocked expression on his face.

THIS time Timotheus let his legs spread a little, his toes digging into the earth to give him a greater purchase as he hooked the right again. And this time he put everything he had, from heels to wrist, into the punch.

He stepped back, his legs shaking, his breath coming in a great gasp as Amytos half turned, his arms hanging by his side, and fell face down in the dust.

For a long moment the Stadion was held in a shocked, hushed silence. Then a roar like the bursting of a storm broke over it as Timotheus stepped forward, bending over the prone Amytos who was out so cold that he could not even lift a hand in token of surrender.

Timotheus turned and walked out of the Stadion with dreams materializing before his eyes. He could see Cleis, smiling before him. He could hear the roar of welcome that would rise from his island home on his return. He could see all those things and more, for with that blow he had opened up new vistas in life. It was not only that he was the champion boxer. For he did not think of himself as Timotheus the boxer, but as Timotheus of Naxos, the man whose future had been assured by the boxer.

What he did not know, as he watched Bellerophon and Drimachus run toward him, with Diomed at their heels, was that he had that day given boxing a new blow. He had added to the Grecian straight left and right, the lethal "hook".

He only knew that tomorrow he would stand before the judges to be crowned with the laurel wreath and be feted as a champion of Olympia. He only knew that beyond tomorrow he would lift his family to a new prominence with him in Naxos.

Drimachus was bellowing, "Oh, that Athenian with his talents. By Zeus, lad, we go home rich!"

Bellerophon was pounding his shoulder, eyes shining, talking in a

different vein, babbling wildly.

Then he was lying on the table with Bellerophon continuing to babble excitedly while Diomed stood working with his clever hand, stanching the gashes on his face, while others rubbed and kneaded his aching muscles.

Diomed gave Drimachus a twisted smile, his shrewd eyes bright. "Did you see the blow that brought the great Amytos down like a stricken oak, Drimachus? Did you see the blow? Did I not tell you it had its points?"

Now he grinned broadly at Drimachus, this shrewd Phrygian who was so much more intelligent than many of the free men among whom he moved, as he said, "I knew when I saw it first in the Palaestra that it was good. It is the rule of the shepherd's slingshot applied to the human arm. It is a good blow."

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 18)

of Solomon. If you recall the earlier books by Capt. Villiers describing the grain race of the sailing ships to England from Australia and the cruise of the Joseph Conrad, you know that he does not skip lightly over events but studies them thoroughly. When you have read "Sons of Sinbad" you will have a clear understanding of trading and shipping in tropical waters of the old world. (Scribners, \$3.75.)

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON is known to most of us as the bird man. He was the naturalist who made that great collection of drawings of birds before the Civil War. But he was also a shrewd observer of men and their ways and he kept diaries of his travels that were packed with adventures and are full of sidelights on early American ways. Donald Culross Peattie has found a gold-mine in this little-known material. He has described how Audubon came to voyage into Kentucky when it was backwoods, into the South when it was still slave territory and into the great plains along the Missouri River, when Indians were still bickering with fur traders. He has taken large extracts from Audubon's diaries, telling what America was like in the early decades of the 19th century. "Audubon's America" it is called; a big book, with 17 plates in color, 15 of them double pages. This is a book that makes a good gift, and yet is a permanent addition to your own bookshelf, at once attractive, informing and entertaining. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$6)

In biography and autobiography our bookshelf is especially rich. So many different professions and arts

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Of the half-million Elks in these United States, 22.1% of you take Winter Vacations. Nearly TWENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND ELKS take TWO or MORE vacations during the winter time.

In normal times, before the present European conflict upset most of the steamship sailings, many Elks went cruising to warm water lands. While sailings are not as frequent now, as they were two years ago, you can *still* go cruising if you want to.

Each month Kiley Taylor gives you current travel news which suggests places for pleasure travel. Let us help you with your travel plans—write us for information and literature about the places *you'd* like to go this winter. Just address your request to Travel Department, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York City.

are represented. Most important, no doubt, is Allan Nevins' two-volume biography, "John D. Rockefeller: the Heroic Age of American Enterprise". (Scribner, \$7.50) I don't know how many people want to read about Rockefeller solely for their own information, but the book will be useful to libraries and colleges as a study of a period when oil refining was in its infancy and the man with the best organizing mind came out ahead. In the arts we have, among others, "Let There Be Sculpture", the autobiography of Jacob Epstein, the eccentric sculptor whose distorted figures have been the center of controversy for years; this book not only describes his association with other great artists but his ideas about the huge blocks he has developed and his side of the arguments. (Putnam, \$5) If this proves a bit too specialized, try "Artists Say the Silliest Things", by Guy Pene du Bois, a sparkling autobiography about a painter and an art critic who has a great many good stories about his colleagues. (American Artists Group, \$3.75) Or turn to "Living Biographies of Great Painters", by Henry Thomas and Dana Lee Thomas, with twenty illustrations by Gordon Ross, which gives twenty biographies of great men from Giotto, Michelangelo and Raphael to Whis-

ter, Cezanne and Winslow Homer. (Garden City Publishing Co., \$1.98)

DESPITE the book burnings of the Nazis, there are still extant many great letters written at different times in the world's history—letters full of hope, breathing love and hate, victory and despair; letters meant only for the person addressed and letters sent broadcast. Now and then we run across some of these good letters, but rarely can we find them in one place or in one volume. M. Lincoln Schuster, who is best known as a successful publisher, has been nursing the idea of collecting the great letters for at least ten years. Whenever he found a great letter he had it copied, looked up its history, made a note or two for his files. This fall he presents the result in "A Treasury of the World's Great Letters". An attractively bound book, illustrated with facsimile reproductions of some of the letters, it turns out to be intensely interesting reading.

And why not? Here are some of the letters: Christopher Columbus reports his impressions of America to the king's treasurer. Leonardo da Vinci asks the Duke of Milan for a job. Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn exchange love letters. Lord Chesterfield writes to his son. Samuel John-

son congratulates Mrs. Thrale on her marriage, which he didn't approve. Boswell tells how he badgered Voltaire. Benjamin Franklin writes a young man about women. George Washington refuses a crown. Napoleon writes to Josephine. Shelley invites Keats to join him in Italy. Abraham Lincoln writes to Mrs. Bixby. Emerson welcomes Walt Whitman. P. T. Barnum offers General Grant a job. Bernard Shaw writes to Ellen Terry. . . . And many more.

What a lot of human feeling is bound up with these communications. Mr. Schuster has made clear why they were sent and with what results. The word that applies to these letters is that used by booksellers when they have a fine item: Choice! (Simon & Schuster, \$3.75)

COL. Theodore Roosevelt says he went into his attic one day looking for a fishing rod and came across a box full of back numbers of *The Reader's Digest*. That reminded him of something he wanted to look up, and soon he was sitting on the floor, reading the back numbers with great relish. With the help of the staff of the magazine he has prepared a new selection of excellent articles published during eighteen years and is issuing them as "The Reader's Digest Reader". (Doubleday, Doran, \$3)

The Phony Express

(Continued from page 17)

making plenty of noise. There were complaints of their stampeding pack mule trains by their wild yells and tactics when passing on the trails.

An approach to a relay station was announced by the loud whoops of the rider, answered by the stock tenders with the enthusiastic cooperation of the local canines. Stations were from ten to twenty-five miles apart when none had been burned by the Indians. Horses were changed at each station. The ordinary stint of a messenger was from sixty to one hundred miles per day on the days he rode, or anything from seven to twelve hours of hard galloping. This was enough to pull the corks of some of the weaker boys, but the stronger ones scarcely felt it, and were ready for anything after a little rest.

Trips were weekly each way at the start, then semi-weekly. At peak traffic the rider had two trips each way per week, or four days of riding and three of lay-off.

Amusing themselves during the rest periods was the hardest problem of these youngsters. The lay-over stations were well supplied with horse-flies but guiltless of fly screens; roasting in summer and drafty in winter. Such loafing aids as motion pictures were yet to be invented.

Sometimes there was extra fun to be had. One of the riders, a fifteen-year-old named Bill Cody, later called

Buffalo Bill, was chased en route by the Sioux. He escaped the arrows by riding flat on his pony. At Sweetwater Station where he expected to pick up another mount, he found the stock tender killed and the horses gone. He pushed his jaded horse on to the next station and delivered the mail. That night Bill relieved the tedium of resting by ganging up with other frontiersmen, raiding the redskins and getting back all of the company's stock with some Indian ponies as a bonus. But such opportunities were rare.

The boys amused themselves a lot by playing typical high school pranks on each other. There were initiations for new riders. One gang told a new kid about an Indian ghost to be met on the trail, then "borrowed" some white cloth at the station and, with the aid of a rope and a tree, rigged up said ghost where it could be made to rise from the ground when the tenderfoot passed the spot at night. The new boy was scared out of the service, but a veteran coming along filled the ghost with lead and the pranksters had to pay the company for the cloth.

Boys though they were, these youngsters met real trouble like men. The mail went through unless superior authority told the messengers not to carry it. Stream overflows, washed-out fords, snowslides, Indians and white bandits failed to stop them. Once when relay riders

did not make connections, Jack Keetley rode three hundred miles in twenty-four hours, from Big Sandy to Elwood and back to Seneca. There were other grueling stints.

For emergencies, Russell, Majors and Waddell called in extra good riders without regard to weight. Many of these were borrowed from the wagon trains, for all of the company's services interlocked into one big business. Dan Drumheller was such a substitute, and Tom Ranahan was another. The mail did not slow down.

Yet with all of the strictness about personnel, there was the usual married man who beat the R. M. & W. prohibition against having Benedict on the horses. His name was Billy Bolton. He was thirty-five years old, but looked younger. He was asked if he were married when he applied for the job and answered, "I have no relatives at all in this country." That was the truth, his wife and four children were in Canada . . . and that sort of dissimulation was a necessary part of horse-trading and considered highly humorous in those days.

The riders were not stopped much by Indians because for years traders like Russell, Majors and Waddell had kept the peace with the red men. Way back in 1854 the records show that George Taylor had been hanged by the neck until dead for killing an Indian without provocation, and

George was not the only such case. On the eastern end of the line the tribes were so tame that no attention was paid to them. Harry L. Roff made over one hundred trips without ever having serious trouble.

There is reasonable doubt that any P. E. rider ever was killed by redskins while carrying the mail. Fiction writers find it necessary to their suspense to have one rider discover the dead and arrow-filled body of another. But one authority says no rider ever was caught by the Indians; another mentions a lone Mexican boy who was fatally wounded but got the mail through.

When they annoyed the messengers at all, the Indians preferred to ambush them, and the good ambuscade spots were well known and could be watched. There were cases of groups of redskins refusing to stand the charge of a single white man who was pulling the trigger as he came on. The desperation of later Indian fighting was years in the future. Joe Wintl, a rider, once galloped into a hostile camp which he had not known was ahead of him. Dismounting, he coolly went into a tepee, sat down for a chat and then rode on unmolested. Those children of the prairie might not have permitted that if it had been tried in 1880 instead of 1860.

Troops helped with some of the worst spots. In June, 1860, a P. E. rider came into Carson City escorted by fifty mounted troopers, and left accompanied by twenty members of the volunteers.

It was the station men who got the brunt of the trouble. The lowly and unsung stock tenders, like the linemen in football and the observation planes in air warfare, got most of the danger and least of the glory.

The horses in the care of these men were an open challenge in a territory which had some of the most talented horse thieves in all history. Where else but at a P. E. corral could a night raider be sure to get mounts which were the pick of the whole West, and grain-fed instead of grass-fed, at that? Knowledge is positive that many of the station tenders whom the riders found dead and mutilated were killed by whites disguised as Indians. But the Indians did their full share.

Few of the station sites were selected with an eye to their military value in repulsing attackers. Many of the early buildings in the worst danger zones had thin board walls instead of stone, with wide windows and no port holes or rifle slits. Haystacks were at once handy shelters for raiders and inflammable objects which had to be defended. Although a few of the houses were big enough so the animals could be brought in at night, most of the stock had to be kept out in corrals.

The Mountain Springs station was one of the weak ones. In that station one morning were four men. Their names were Rosier, Applegate, Si McCandles and Lafayette "Bolly" Bollwinkle.

In a surprise burst of fire from local Indians, Rosier was killed instantly and Applegate badly wounded. Seeing that the other two refused to save themselves by deserting him, Applegate asked for a revolver to shoot at the raiders, but committed suicide with it.

Si McCandles was a squaw man, and figured that that made him a member of the tribe and immune to being bumped off by this band. He compelled Bolly to run in front of him so Si would act as a shield. The two raced afoot for the Butte station ten miles away. Bolly had not had time to put on his boots and his feet were torn by rocks and cacti. Si lifted him by the armpits and kept him running. They made it.

Pete Neece, another station tender, pulled up a thick post in the corral one night, then stood quietly in its place. When a horse-stealing redskin came by, Pete shot him where the seat of his pants would have been, if he had had any pants. Pete also had a trick of crawling out on the prairie at night and bushwhacking any thieves who were sneaking up. The bad bunch got the habit of avoiding Pete's station.

Some of the station men became famous. Wild Bill Hickok was a stock tender at Rock Creek when he got his start as a gun thrower in his fight with the McCandles gang.

As Division agent at Julesburg, Joseph A. Slade traveled far and wide to hunt down horse thieves. He potted so many that he became the most feared man in the West. He had it in him to become a great national figure if it were not for the two faults which caused his death. But Slade was uncontrollable when drunk, and he could not rest until he had wiped out in blood any real or fancied injury. Long after the Pony Express had folded up, a lynch jury of miners threatened him with hanging when he was shooting up a saloon, then dared not leave him unhang for fear of his revenge.

The thievings and raids at the stations became worse as time went on. Wooden buildings were replaced with stone, and that helped some. And the over-all speed of carrying became better.

A great many myths have grown up about the riding speed that was made. Actually, the average complete trip took about nine days, which means around nine miles per hour rate of advancing the mails. Lincoln's first message to Congress was carried through in seven days and seventeen hours, but some of the best horses were killed in the process. The riding speed east of the Sierras averaged up to sixteen miles per hour, with the mountains and the desert bringing the gross average down.

There were vexatious slow-downs. In winter the narrow mountain trails became jammed by pack trains and the rider found it necessary to work his way past one road-hogging jackass at a time . . . a problem still familiar to motorists.

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Fables and wild west shows tell us that when one rider "chased another out of a station", only ten seconds were allowed for transferring the *mochilla* at full gallop. Actually there was very little of such stunting. For one thing, the "way" pouch had to be unlocked, opened and inspected for local letters... and I would like to see that done in mid-air while passing the mooch from saddle frame to saddle frame at full gallop. The truth is that big business thinkers like Russell, Majors and Waddell never let their boys take an unnecessary risk.

In real life the messengers seldom pushed on with relentless grimness, never wasting a second. Rather, they stopped off at ranches and stations for "coffee-and". Billy Bolton, the married rider, once halted at a ranch for a drink of water, was given a piece of ginger bread and paid for it by singing "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt" in his beautiful rich baritone. Another messenger pulled his gun to scare a bull dog which was chasing his horse, accidentally shot the pooch through the head and

thereafter took a long detour to avoid that ranch until the owner recovered from his ire. A boy who was annoyed on a trip by a pack of wolves stopped on his way back to set out poisoned bait for them. Such incidents did not mean that the boys neglected duty. Pony Bob Haslam once made one hundred and twenty miles at better than fifteen miles per hour when a jam was on... and any of them would do anything necessary to meet schedules. But the schedules were not so tight as to need much circus riding.

N OVER 650,000 miles of hard riding these boys only lost one mail. This was due as much to big business organization and methods as to courage... and picking courageous riders was part of the big business wisdom.

Failure of the line was due to two unforeseen causes. Chief of them was that the telegraph came through a lot sooner than was expected. The Pony Express had sold the telegraph... the line was killed by its own high-powered publicity.

The other cause of failure was the opening of the war between the States, which raised all costs while slowing down the profits of all the R. M. & W. enterprises. The three men did not quit under fire. They kept the P. E. going while the wires were strung, keeping swift communication open to the West as the war developed, and shortening their run as fast as the wiring progressed. It cost them everything they had. Their stage lines and everything went under the auctioneer's hammer.

No more dead game and hard-headed business men ever lived than Russell, Majors and Waddell. Their brains, methods and courage would make them big shots if they were alive today, or any other day. Our nation was built by solid planners, not by romantic saps, no matter how much more colorful the saps seem.

The Pony Express was big business. It was daring business. And the most interesting fact in its history is the proof that the highest adventures were to be found in 1860 where they are now—in business organized to be useful.

The Die Is Caste

(Continued from page 12)

to play among themselves exclusively and that also will lead to a caste system within the system.

The schools with the most money and the least scruples will stifle equal competition by recruiting the best players in the broad land. The inevitable result of the pay-for-play program should be clear to one and all. At some date in the misty future a college will assemble a football machine of such awesome strength that the team will hold itself at arm's length and scare the quivering daylights out of itself.

Those who have been doing their homework in this pillar of truth and light should have no trouble detecting the joker which is changing the entire football picture. It is, of course, that old, battered chestnut, Purity vs. Professionalism, and you won't catch us dwelling on it—again—on your, or the company's, time. At the moment, effect is more pertinent than cause, and setting down the established facts makes more interesting reading than a long-winded discussion of the amateur ideal as opposed to realistic subsidization of athletes.

THE caste system in football is not something we have dreamed up. It is here, and to stay. The emergence of the bar sinister was given formal expression on October 14 last by Ogden Miller, chairman of Yale's board of athletic control, in a statement of such far-reaching significance that it bears repetition here in part.

Before we go on with the story, it should be mentioned in passing that two days previously Yale had been

murdered by Pennsylvania, 50-7, for the most crushing defeat ever suffered by the sons of Eli. Mr. Miller was pretty damn' sore about the whole thing. Yale doesn't like to be humiliated, even by a social-register opponent such as Penn. Miller, accordingly, said as follows:

"... College athletics and even school athletics in my opinion are at a critical stage. The development of big-time football has had repercussions all down the line. Its major contribution for good has been the providing of funds to make possible athletics for all." (Ed. Note: Comes the kicker.) "Beyond that gift to college opportunities, I would like to have someone list for me other tangible benefits it has brought.

BIG-TIME football doesn't increase the educational stature of any institution; it doesn't make loyal alumni; it doesn't bring increased gifts to the alumni fund or to class funds, except in a few isolated cases. Even the sports it helps to carry were carried before the days of astronomical gate receipts. It is probably safe to say that sports facilities for all would have been provided in some measure by many colleges without the commercialization of football.

"We (at Yale) believe that inter-collegiate football is now reaching a peak of emphasis in many colleges which it reached elsewhere many years ago. I believe that there will be a decline or leveling off in the next several years and that even graver problems are ahead for some who will have to consolidate and retrench drastically. Professional

football is one signpost along the way; those who nurture the golden hope of continued high revenue in the future are, I fear, headed for trouble.

"Until the problem resolves itself, Yale and others may be in for lean years. We believe we are on the right track. We believe we will carry through to merit public respect."

Stripped of diplomatic language, Miller's blast was: (1) An open admission that Yale, having discovered certain educational concessions must be made if a college wants a top-notch football team, hereafter will refuse to lower its academic standards to keep up its football prestige; (2) A stern warning, specifically to Penn and Cornell, that Yale will not schedule teams which acquire suddenly a wealth of football talent.

TWAS common knowledge throughout the East that Penn, celebrating its Bicentennial, was "loaded", but Yale did not relish the idea of serving as a clay pigeon when the trigger was pulled. Similarly, the rise of Cornell as the nation's Number 1 football power was viewed with suspicion by the patrician Yales. While Miller was sounding off, certain cynics remembered out loud that eight regulars on Yale's 1923 team, the last to go through a season unbeaten, had played varsity football at other colleges before matriculating at New Haven. Upon sober reflection, however, the only criticism of the speech were comments to the effect that it was poorly timed, coming as it did less than forty-eight

hours after the Pennsylvania debacle. Something strange is cooking in the football business when Yale, holder of the best all-time record of any college in the country, despite recent reversals, abandons big-time pretensions and Chicago abandons the game entirely. The younger generation of fans, for whom Chicago was a springboard for feeble gags and similes, still doesn't realize what a terrible punt in the pants it was for college football last year when the Maroon and White dropped out of the Big Ten, the strongest conference in the country. A few seasons ago it would have been inconceivable that the Chicago of Amos Alonzo Stagg, Walter Eckersall, Wally Steffens, Clarence Herschberger, Paul Desjardien and John Thomas would turn its back upon a football tradition which was as glamorous, in its time, as that possessed by any college extant. But Chicago, under the militant aegis of Robert M. Hutchins, went the whole hog.

SNOBBISHNESS, an inevitable by-product of any caste system, always has been practised in football. Until recent years, however, the only evidence of it was strictly commercial. The big-time colleges snubbed those teams which did not figure to attract the customers through the gates. Sure, the Yales, Harvards, Princetons, Michigan and Stanfords didn't play every ball club that asked for a game, but a college with a colorful background, drawing power and a curriculum which did not emphasize physical training or allied arts stood a fair chance of getting on a quality-folks' schedule.

The first concrete indication that colleges were making new-fangled investigations into their opponents' scholastic requirements and proselytizing tactics came late in 1937 when California was shopping for a team to play in the Rose Bowl. The bid, incidentally, means a net profit of \$75,000 to the selected team. Unbeaten Fordham was believed to have had a good chance of getting the coveted invitation until California, in response to questions asked by nobody at all, announced that Fordham would not be chosen because its scholastic standards did not measure up to California's. It would have been revealing to have had a dictaphone on a faculty meeting of Fordham's Jesuit fathers—the Catholic order which has been dedicating itself to teaching for 400 years—when Alabama got the call from high to cut a piece of Rose Bowl gold and glory.

MANY big-time schools began to be measured for hair-shirts at that time as a wave of religion swept the pigskin parish. The Big Ten suspended two members for irregularities in the enrollment and continued eligibility of athletes. The Pacific Coast Conference admitted everything was not as it should be by (Continued on page 56)

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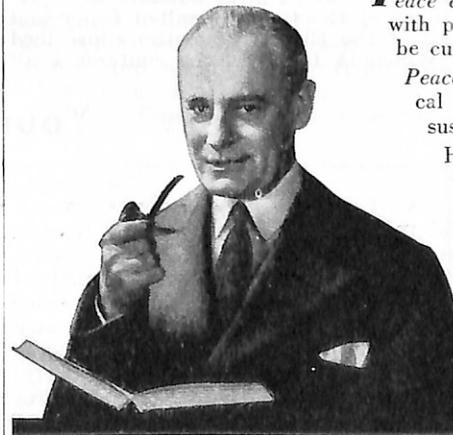
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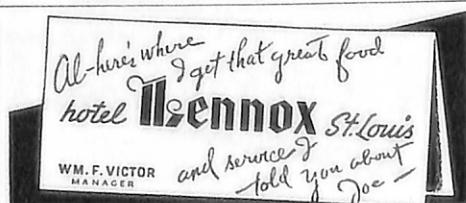
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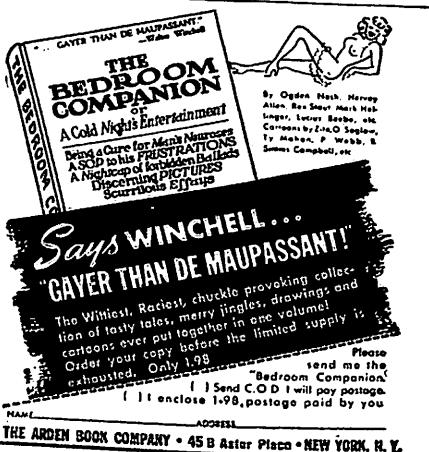
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Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 34)

made by Governor John Moses, Mayor Fred O. Olsen, of Fargo, and Justice of the North Dakota Supreme Court W. L. Nuessle. Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Col. Kelly, and D.D. A. J. Rulon, Jamestown, were among the distinguished Elks who were introduced. Mr. Stern introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Buch told of a visit which he made to North Dakota some twelve or fourteen years ago, at which time he spoke at a convention of the State Elks Association and suggested that work for crippled children be given a place on its program of activities. The work was taken up almost immediately and has been conducted with increasing success during the intervening years. The five-point program in operation includes the finding and registering of crippled children, their physical rehabilitation, their education, their guidance and training and, finally, their placement in employment. The Grand Exalted Ruler paid high tribute to Sam Stern, Chairman of the State Crippled Children's Committee, and to State Pres. L. B. Hanna, of Fargo Lodge, former Governor of North Dakota. He also praised Dr. H. J. Fortin and Dr. J. C. Swanson, of Fargo Lodge, who have handled the orthopedic surgery, and Edward Erickson, Bismarck, State Rehabilitation Director, for their cooperation. On behalf of the Elks of North Dakota, Mr. Stern presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a beautiful Lenox dinner set.

On October 17, the two Eastern visitors left by plane for Minneapolis, Minn., where they were met by D.D. Walter Barron of Mankato and a number of Minneapolis Elks including Secy. S. P. Andersch, Lannie Horne, P.E.R.'s Dr. J. E. Soper and Thomas Gass, Dr. H. W. Schmett and Fred Delaney. The party visited Minneapolis Lodge and then continued on the way to St. Cloud, being met at the outskirts of the city by a delegation including E.R. E. Archie Cook, D.D. Frank H. O'Brien and Secy. Leo N. Meinz of the local lodge and the Chief of Police and escorted into the city which was gaily decorated. The lodge home displayed large banners with pictures of the Grand Exalted Ruler and all of the Elks wore buttons inscribed "Welcome Joe". At the conference all

of the lodges in the district but two were represented. The Minnesota State Elks Association was also well represented. State Secy. E. W. Stevens, Duluth, Past Pres. Leonard Eriksson, Fergus Falls, John A. Hoffbauer, Brainerd, J. E. Cooling, St. Cloud, and Ed Jones, were present, along with many other prominent Elks including D.D. Walter J. Barron. A band concert followed the conference and in the evening a dinner was held, attended by 250 Elks. The Invocation was given by the Rev. T. Leo Keaveney, the address of welcome by Mayor Philip H. Collignon and a reminiscent talk by R. B. Brower, St. Cloud Lodge's first Exalted Ruler. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Cook, and presented with a desk set typical of St. Cloud which is noted for its granite. A reception followed.

LEAVING St. Cloud by auto on October 18, the party proceeded to Mankato, Minn., where the party was met by E.R. Lee B. Fisher, Secy. O. T. McLean, State Pres. Joseph L. Becker of Stillwater, Past Pres. John E. Regan, Mankato, and a large delegation of Elks. A district meeting of the officers of the southern Minnesota district was held with all ten of the Exalted Rulers within the jurisdiction present, as well as a number of other officers and committeemen. A luncheon meeting was held at noon at which the Grand Exalted Ruler set forth his program in detail. In the evening a banquet was given in his honor at the Saulpaugh Hotel, attended by 275 Elks of the district. Mr. Buch outlined his general program and Col. Kelly discussed certain lodge activities stressing the "John J. Pershing Preparedness Class". The meeting was presided over by Mr. Barron. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by Mr. Regan and a pair of Lenox vases was presented to him by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Fisher. Remaining overnight with Mr. Regan, Mr. Buch and Col. Kelly were driven the next day to Rochester, Minn., where they visited the Mayo Clinic and St. Mary's Hospital. Their next visit was to LaFayette, Ind., where, with Mr. Masters, they attended the lodge's Golden Jubilee which will be reported in these columns next month.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 19)

of inflicting real pain instills fear in a dog and in time will break its spirit. Punishment for a willful misdeed is something else again. The most successful dog trainers punish only for deliberate and knowing disobedience, and then, not too severely. Teaching tricks requires a blending of patience and praise, supplemented by a system of small rewards. At least this is the only way we've been able to get results and it checks with those professional trainers who keep the groceries on the table by teaching Towser.

Quite a few people who write to us about their dogs want to know what tricks to teach and how to go about it. We're not exactly enthusiastic

about setting the dog's feet on this particular path of learning. So many tricks are plumb foolish and unsuited to our four-legged friend—the sort wherein he's taught to do things utterly unnatural to his kind. You know—wearing a silly monkey hat, walking on his front legs, playing dead dog (what purpose this serves is a mystery), holding a pipe in his mouth, etc. These bring a dog out of character. Your dog does these tricks, you say? Hold on, Brother!—put that shotgun away. We'll concede that he does them like no other dog can.

Now there are a number of interesting stunts, most of which we'd call useful tricks, that your pooch

may learn if he's half smart.

One of the easiest to teach is to speak on command. Easy because all dogs like to bark. As a matter of fact, some of them are natural "talkers", our own house pet being a chronic chatterbox. He sasses back when scolded, speaks on command, and we've heard his opinions on everything from that doggone squirrel in the back yard to what he thinks about the ash-man, which is plenty and all of it bad. Now if you'll tie up your dog and stand in front of him, a bit out of his reach and pretend to eat something, he'll soon bark. When he does, give the command "Speak." Try to anticipate when he will bark so that your command and his bark will both come at the same time. Have a number of small pieces of meat or other tid-bit in your hand and reward him each time he barks. Scold him if he barks incessantly and do this also later (after he has learned) if he barks without your command. It won't be long before you can untie him and perfect him in this lesson.

Here's one that is a trick, but serves no purpose other than to make Towser look amusing. It's to teach him to sit up on his haunches. Again, plant him in a corner. With one hand raise his front paws; with the other grasp his collar. This gives him plenty of support which he'll need at first. Drill him over and over at the same time repeating the command word "Up."

Here's another in the useful class. It's to teach the pooch to lie down when told. It's doubly useful if taught to that canine blister that just will jump up on people. This is a nuisance for which the owner should be blamed, not the dog. The dog that will lie down on command is one that can always be controlled. Back to the corner we go. Make him sit down. With one hand gently draw out his front paws and at the same time press down on his rear end with the other hand. The command word is "Down." Repeat this and the actions until he gets the idea.

Of equal value is to drill your dog so he'll stand in one place—at your will, not his. You may need a whale of a lot of patience before you get

results, but it's worth it. You can figure a dozen good reasons why. It's a "must" command for thousands of show dogs. There's only one way to teach it. You'll have to get down on your knees. With one hand grasp the dog's tail or hold the hand between its thighs. With the free hand hold up his lower jaw. Give the command "Stand." If he insists upon lying down, and it's ten to one he will, grasp his tail and jerk him to a standing position. If he persists in this give him a sharp (but not hard) cuff on his outer thigh. Don't hit him on his back as he may take this as your wish for him to lie down. And don't whack him any other place. When he gets the idea sufficiently, then release your hold on him and in time give him the command at a distance. When drilling him in this, never permit him to walk away or lie down until you give him permission. The permission word can be "OK" or "All right" or any other short word signifying the end of this stunt. Some dogs learn this so well that the trainer can leave the room and remain out of it for as long as ten minutes and return to find the dog still standing. Now this wasn't written to teach your dog show-ring manners; on the contrary, it might be absolutely necessary to halt him in his tracks.

All dogs are natural jumpers, although with varying degrees of ability. The jumping stunt is a cinch to teach. Shoo Towser into the corner. This corner business keeps him from trying any runs around right or left end. Hold a board in front of him, at first close to the floor so he can't creep under it. Snap your fingers and give the command "Jump." If he's slow to get the idea, have someone call him. As he progresses raise the board a bit higher each time. Don't, however, if he's a small dog, raise it so high that he'd have to pole-vault over it. Each time he jumps sound the command word. Eventually, you'll be able to dispense with the board and substitute a stick and later your arm. By that time he's ready to be moved out of the corner and should jump from any other place—at your command.

(To be Continued next month)



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book recently published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the editor of "Your Dog" and a well-known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such

subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this book is 50c, but it is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—*The Elks Magazine*—50 E. 42nd St., New York.



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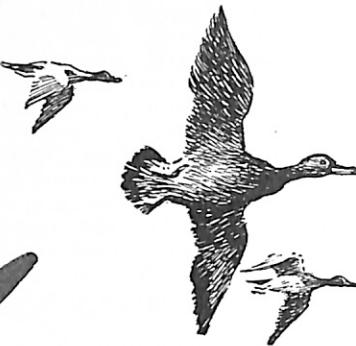
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Red and Gun



Man and boy Mr. T. has been shooting quackers from Washington to South Carolina and back

by Ray Trullinger

GOOD many years ago an esteemed relative and the writer were ensconced in a partly flooded duck blind, patiently awaiting what Lady Luck chose to bestow. It hadn't been a particularly good day. Matter of fact, our gunning luck had been atrocious and the weather worse. A driving rain had soaked us to the hide, despite oilskins; we were wetter than a pair of water-logged chickens and twice as miserable. Only two or three birds had rewarded our efforts, despite the popular fallacy that "it was a good day for ducks".

"You know," remarked the relative, as he squinted through the slanting downpour, "any guy who doesn't like duck hunting must be crazy."

I recall my enthusiastic agreement with this sage observation of years ago and nothing since then has changed my original opinion except in one particular, namely: You're crazy if you don't like the game but you're even crazier if you do.

From that day to this I've pursued the quackers from the Samish Flats in Washington, to the Santee Delta in South Carolina, not to mention a lot of places in between. I've shot 'em—and at 'em—from point blinds, offshore stake ambushes, batteries and Great South Bay "scooters." From Barnegat Bay duck boats, Pamlico Sound stake rigs and concrete boxes; West Coast salmon barrels and coffin-like "sandboxes" and "lay-down" blinds. I've gunned 'em in my shirtsleeves, with sweat pouring down my puss, and from ice floes with the temperature hovering a few degrees over zero; jump-shot 'em from marshes and willow-fringed streams and cracked 'em as they whistled over western passes.

Brother, I've shot me some ducks since that rainy day on the Columbia back in the pegtop pants era and I wouldn't trade any of the memories for all the tooth-fillin' gold in Kentucky. In this book duck hunting rates top billing and if this year's federal duck stamp sale is any yardstick, there are something like

1,100,000 gents in this country with much the same notion.

Many of these gunning excursions were standouts; others were dismal flops. Duck hunters remember both kinds. Several seasons ago it was my great good fortune to hit one of the first mentioned following an invitation to South Plantation, S. C., where Marse Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox, holds forth at the conclusion of the baseball wars.

Yawkey's huge preserve, in reality three old southern rice plantations merged into one, is located near Georgetown and comprises something like 90,000 acres. Lying as it does midway between Winyah Bay and the Santee, it's the happy wintering ground for countless fowl of all description. One of the small lakes on this property was the favorite ducking ground of Grover Cleveland, who, according to fable, did his shooting from the comfortable depths of an office swivel chair. The ruins of that duck-shooting President's hunting lodge still stand beside a huge dike, which, again according to fable, he directed to be built by Army Engineers. Salt water was seeping into the rice fields—a calamity which threatened the President's favorite sport.

My first morning's shoot in this wildfowler's Utopia was a revelation. Accompanied by a blue-black individual who answered to the name of Foxy, I was rowed to a small stake blind spotted in the middle of a marshy pond. Our arrival spooked a thousand or more puddle ducks, but it was only a matter of minutes before they came streaming back.

It was exciting shooting while it lasted, but it didn't last long. I hardly had warmed the seat of the blind before Foxy, who was taking his ease in the boat about 50 yards away, sounded off.

"Cap'n, suh," he yelled, "you betta quit. Ats 10 birds killed and Marse Yawkey's gonna be awful mad does you shoot any mo'?"

"Why," I answered, surprised, "I've only been shooting a few minutes. Are you sure you counted right?"

"Cain't help 'at," he answered. "You done kill 10 ducks and you betta quit."

As I recall, the rest of the day was spent in a fruitless dove hunt, in company with Herb Pennock, the former Yankee southpaw sensation,

and the evening rounded out with an old-fashioned coon chase. Marse Tom insists that his guests get plenty of hunting at South Plantation.

Mulling the duck situation over that night after retiring I decided that, shooting a .410, it would be possible to spread the morrow's gunning over a longer interval. One was bound to miss more shots with one of those pigmy shotguns; a 12-gauge was much too effective in a place where a stream of whizzing quackers threatened to knock your brains out.

Shortly before seven o'clock the next morning Foxy poled me out in a rice marsh, where decoys were spotted and the boat concealed with fan-like palmettos. This place proved a widgeon rendezvous, and subsequent happenings disclosed the little .410 far from being the ineffective weapon so many hunters imagine. It took exactly 13 shells to kill nine widgeons and a gadwell, and one of those cartridges was used to polish off the only cripple.

Foxy's comment after the .410 had folded up seven consecutive ducks was, "Cap'n, 'at little gun sho do sting 'em, don't she?" Up to 35 yards and shooting the now discontinued 5/8-ounce load, the little gun killed as cleanly as any 12-gauge.

There followed other hunting adventures on this memorable trip into one of the most romantic sections of the South, but the payoff came on the last day.

ACCOMPANIED by Bill Defoe, Yawkey's business manager, and the aforementioned Mr. Pennock, a crossing was made to North Island, on the opposite side of Winyah Bay. North Island is a huge salt marsh, and there I discovered the sort of black duck shooting you read about, but seldom get.

When one of the watchmen on the preserve rigged out some decoys in a Y-shaped slough that morning it looked like anything but a good gunning day. The sky was cloudless and there wasn't a breath of wind. A warm sun soon reduced me to shirtsleeves and there was hardly a duck in sight during the first 30 minutes after the legal deadline. Then, suddenly, the flight began. A straggling line of blacks appeared in the sky, headed directly our way. They were so high they looked like gnats against the blue.

"I'd certainly like to get a cut or two at those babies," I remarked to my companion. He looked at me in surprise before answering.

"Hell," he replied, "those ducks'll come tumbling down to our decoys like pigeons. Wait and see."

It didn't seem possible but they did just that! As the vanguard of the flight neared several of the leading birds set their wings, and, in a series of aerial acrobatics, pitched to the blocks on whistling pinions.

It was a grand sight as the birds, most of them northern redlegs, came in, and a pair crumpled into the

slough as the gun barked once and then again.

"You better take it easy and only shoot one at a time," cautioned the watchman, "or you're gonna be through awful quick. Those ducks'll roll through here for the next two hours. You ain't seen nothin' yet."

The gentleman was 100 percent correct. Until 11 o'clock it was my privilege to watch more decoying black ducks than I'd ever seen before in my life. They came in singles, doubles and flocks of five to 50. With only 8 birds to go for a limit I restricted myself to an occasional stray bird and watched 'em pour through. Time after time I stood up incoming ducks with an empty gun and cracked an imaginary double as the frightened birds back-pedaled and flared away in all directions. Never before or since have I seen black ducks, the wariest of the webfoot clan, come in like that or in such numbers.

The vicinity of any heavily populated area isn't supposed to afford a redhot brand of wildfowling, but within a two-hours' drive of New York City, namely, on Great South Bay, Long Island, and Long Island Sound, bordering the Connecticut coast, there's a brand of duck gunning to satisfy any hunter. With a good weather break, it's as good as anything you'll find in the country.

Only a few weeks ago this season the writer and that illustrious fin, fur and feather gazetteer, Ray Camp, of the *New York Times*, wheeled out to Long Island for the year's first "scooter" foray. For the benefit of those who might be puzzled, a scooter in this instance is not one of those wheeled contraptions beloved of small boys, but a wide, shallow craft shaped something like a pumpkin seed, in which the shooter reclines on his spine like a corpse in a coffin. After an hour of immobility in one of these boats on a chill day scooter addicts have been heard to remark that the only difference between the occupant of a scooter and a coffin is that the latter feels no pain.

These gunning boats are anchored out in the open waters of the bay, usually over a feeding ground, and around them are spotted from 100 to 150 decoys, exactly as in battery shooting. This game, however, is legal for the reason that the gunner's body is above the water's surface, instead of below, as in a battery. Naturally, a tender boat is necessary to pick up downed ducks. Once bedded down in this rig the gunner remains until he's picked up.

It doesn't make sense, but ducks, particularly divers, will wing into this boob trap almost as readily as to a battery. When Camp and I churned out on the bay aboard Capt. Walter Budd's boat it soon was evident that a limit shoot was in prospect. Huge rafts of broadbills—bluebills to most of you—were in evidence on all sides; there were more ducks than either of us had seen on those waters in years.

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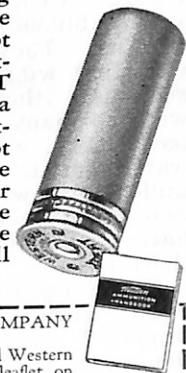


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After looking the situation over for an hour or so Skipper Budd rigged out, but it turned out a bad guess. The birds were piling in over a comparatively shallow area a half-mile away, so we pulled the pin, moved over, and rigged out anew. And there we hit the jackpot.

Camp took over the first hour's watch and combed three birds from the first decoying flock with this writer's pet fowling piece, a Winchester 12-gauge magnum. Before finishing his allotted span in the scooter he was well on the way to a limit.

It was your agent's good fortune to draw the last 3 to 4 P.M. watch, and how these speedy bluebills poured past that rig! They slanted in on whistling wings from all directions; there frequently were so many ducks buzzing past that it was more fun to watch 'em than to shoot. We pulled out with limits and two hours later were in Manhattan. Sounds screwy, but there it is.

Up along the Connecticut coast, within sight of thousands of boarded-up summer homes, is to be found duck shooting second to none. And it's a most curious and frequently hairy-chested game. The gunning is from small rock ledges and islands which dot Long Island Sound in this locality; wind-swept, slippery, barnacle-encrusted and dangerous. Some are entirely submerged at high tide and in every instance the surrounding water is deep, a fact which necessitates 30-foot decoy lines and a lot of tedious

winding up when the day is done.

The gunning technique is one of complete simplicity. One merely selects a promising rock, after giving due consideration to wind conditions. Around it then are anchored about 75 bluebill decoys, following which the hunter finds himself a niche in the rocks where he sits motionless until decoying birds wing in. Little or no attempt at concealment is made. Nor is the boat hid-

den. It's pulled up on the rocks and a gunny sack thrown over the outboard motor to prevent any flash.

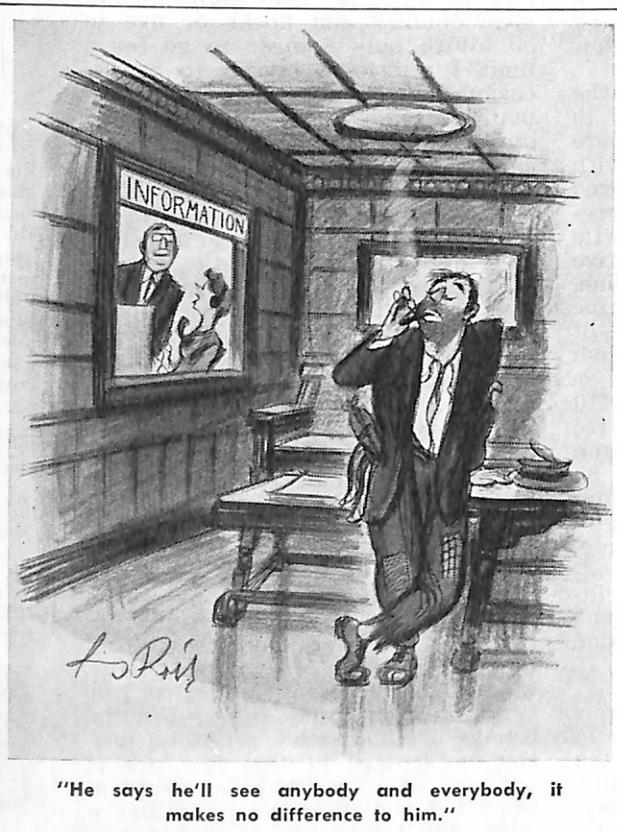
When the birds are moving a limit shoot in such places is almost a certainty, with bluebills making up the bulk of bags. Only a few days before these lines were written two friends of the writer and their guide smacked 26 broadbills, 3 redheads and a canvasback during a morning's gunning and claim they could have shot 100 birds with ease.

The writer and a gunning partner, Fred Wertz, elected to go out to an offshore stake blind over the kidding protests of our host, Tom Eaton, also known as the Duke of Hatteras. There wasn't a breath of wind as we pulled away from the dock; Pamlico Sound was as flat as a billiard table and a blazing sun was shining as we rigged out. It was an ideal morning for fishing, golf or a picnic.

"I'll eat everything you guys kill today," remarked the Duke, as he headed back for shore in the boat, "complete with feathers, feet and bills."

Fortunately for Mr. Eaton his guests didn't hold him to his word for when he returned to pick us up shortly after noon (he thought he was doing us a favor) seven big Canada geese and 10 pintails reposed in the blind. Another hour and we would have had both goose and duck limits.

All of which will explain why the writer is somewhat whacky about wildfowling, a frequently cockeyed but noble sport.



The Die is Caste

(Continued from page 51)

calling in a Mr. Atherton, a former G-man, to conduct a quiet investigation into the football affairs of the group. Atherton, now the duly appointed commissioner of football on the Coast, disbarred ten freshmen from varsity competition last October when he uncovered evidence showing the boys had been—shall we say— influenced in choosing their alma maters.

After twenty years of high-pressure football, educators suddenly have discovered that the entire system is a snare and a delusion. As Miller pointed out, "big-time football doesn't increase the educational stature of any institution". The classic example is Centre College, which stunned the football world in 1921 by rolling down from the hills of Kentucky with a team which won ten straight games and listed Harvard, Kentucky, Auburn, Tulane and Arizona among the victims. The Praying Colonels were a romantic, daredevil crew which fired the imagi-

nation of the country—but Centre today still is a small school of doubtful academic renown. Geneva, Hardin-Simmons, Franklin and Marshall, St. Mary's of California and Clemson are a few of the minor colleges which have been forced to admit a major football team does not alter the basic ranking of the school.

THE one college which has derived enduring benefits from football is Notre Dame, and most people forget—or never did know—the University was founded in 1842. Knute Rockne, the most commanding personality football has ever produced, made Our Lady the football capitol of the country and since his death in 1931 the name and fame of Notre Dame have been strong magnets in attracting good players to South Bend without the usual inducements.

Otherwise, virtually every college has realized, at one time or another,

that a great football team is very much like a low license plate on a car. It's nice to have, but it draws undue—and unfavorable—attention in a jam.

On October 14, the same day Yale renounced its fabled football tradition, the Rev. P. A. Roy, president of Loyola University of the South, made an interesting report in New Orleans. Loyola dropped football last winter and, much to Father Roy's astonishment, the student body increased the following semester.

"Many university executives bombarded me with questions after we abandoned football," he said. "How will the students take it?" and "How will it affect enrollment?" they asked. Many told me they would make the same move if they dared."

Maybe they will. Football is a fascinating wench, but a man doesn't want to live on a back street all his life.

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...A good man to have on your side of the fence

Jim Andrews hasn't any large corporation clients, but does do nicely (five to six thousand net) on a host of smaller ones. Sixteen years ago (he's 41 now) Jim hung out his shingle, quietly starved awhile, got into politics, was elected to serve in Columbus and was on his way.

He's not worrying much now, what with steady clients, a personable wife, two mettlesome but attractive youngsters and one of the nicest homes in town. He's alert, charitable and civic minded, and, consequently, an active and enthusiastic Elk. He's Chairman of the Elks Christmas Basket Committee, serves on two others, is well known, well liked and has lots of local influence. A good man to have on your side of the fence in any community. Whether you sell smoking tobacco, motor cars, or just good will, you want Andrews on your side and the best way to get him there is through the columns of the magazine that has the sentimental inside track—Elks.

There are 26,556 such lawyers included in Elks' almost half-million circulation and they, and Elks' other active, high-income readers, may be reached at a far lower rate—\$2.17 per thousand—than almost any other magazine. If you've got something to sell to important, worthwhile men, keep this in mind.

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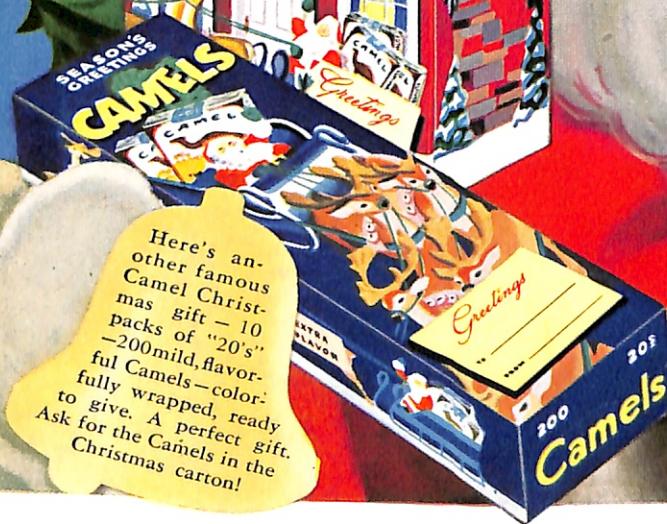
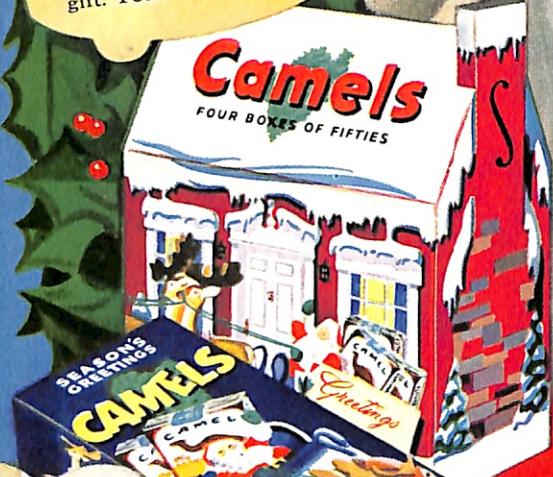
THOROUGHLY READ BY ITS 485,486 OWNERS

AS individuals and as a group, you represent one of the finest and most productive markets in America. We want advertisers to become more fully aware of this—and you can help. Buy the products advertised in *Elks Magazine*—when responding by mail, clip the coupons in *Elks Magazine*—and if you're a retailer, ask for the use of *Elks Magazine*. It will help both you and the manufacturers to make more sales.

CAMELS

PRINCE ALBERT

Give Camels for Christmas—for Camel is the cigarette that's particularly welcome. Especially in this gay gift package below. Contains 4 boxes of the popular flat fifties. Easy to get—a right gift. Your dealer has it.



Season's Greetings

On Christ-mas-morn—per-fect for pipe-smokers—this handsome Christ-mas-wrapped pound-tin of Prince Albert, the mild, rich-tasting, cool-burning tobacco. Be sure to get this holiday "special."



CAMELS

For those who prefer cigarettes, give Camels and you can be sure your gift will be appreciated. For more smokers prefer slower-burning Camels than any other cigarette. They are the cigarette of costlier tobaccos that gives more pleasure in every puff. Your dealer is featuring Camels for Christmas in the two handsome packages shown above. Easy to get—perfect to receive. Yes, there's nothing like Camels to say: "Happy holidays and happy smoking."

PRINCE ALBERT

No problem about those pipe-smokers on your gift list! You just can't miss when you give them a big, long-lasting one-pound tin of the world's most popular smoking tobacco—Prince Albert! (Or a one-pound real glass humidor.) Pipe-smokers call Prince Albert the National Joy Smoke. They say: "There's no other tobacco like it!" Your local dealer has Prince Albert's Christmas-wrapped "specials" on display now! Get your Prince Albert gifts today!

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Gifts that are sure to please in beautiful Christmas wrappers